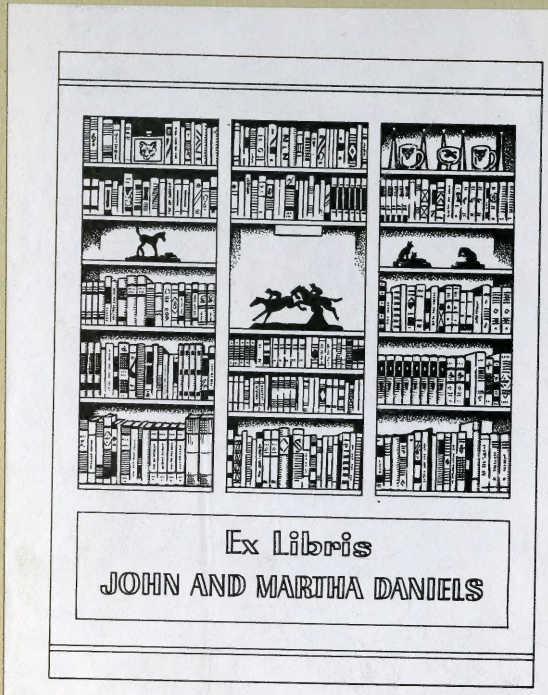
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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

52.5

THE

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S *Vade Mecum*:

OR HIS

COMPANION for the TOWN.

In Eighteen LETTERS,

From a Gentleman in *London*, to his Friend in the COUNTRY,

Wherein he passionately dissuades him against coming to *London*, and Represents to him the Advantages of a Country Life, in Opposition to the Follies and Vices of the Town.

He discovers to him most of the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of the Town, which as a Gentlemen and a Stranger he is most exposed to.

And gives him some general Advice and Instructions how he may best in his Absence dispose of his Affairs in the Country, and manage himself with the most Security and Satisfaction when he comes to *London*.

Fœlix qui propriis ævum transegit in arvis,
Ipsa domus Puerum quem videt ipsa Senem;
Qui baculo nitens, in qua reptavit arena,
Unius numerat Sœcula longa casæ:
Illum non vario traxit Fortuna tumultu,
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.

CLAUD. de senec. Veronensi.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Harris*, at the *Harrow* in *Little-Brstain*, 1699.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE

Lord *Beaumont*, Deputy Lieutenant and Juſtice of the Peace for the County of *Leiceſter*.

My Lord,

THE ſhort Experience I had of your Friendſhip and Candor, enclines me now to believe you will

not reject this Poor Companion, although he boldly attempts to intrude himſelf upon your Honour's Protection. Indeed I am no great Friend to the *Common Vanity* of *Letters Dedicatory*, and therefore in making my Court to you, inſtead of troubling you with an impertinent *Dinn of Compliments*, I ſhall only tell you the *naked Cauſe* that urg'd me to lay theſe Papers before you.

Sir, 'tis the general Character you bear of a true *Engliſh* Gentleman, One that in all Reſpects, both by your Pra-

Practice and Preſident, are duly qualified to vindicate and aſſert the Rights and Priveleges of a *Country Life*; and that it is *that* has forc'd upon you *the Patronage of theſe few Letters*, which if you think worth your Peruſal and Owning (and truly *that* at preſent is the moſt diſturbing Conſideration) you'll ſoon find that the *Country Gentleman* has not more Need of a *City Companion*, than the *City Companion* has of a *Country Patron.*

Well, my Lord, he humbly flies to you for Safeguard, and

who ſo fit to ſhelter and defend him as he that not only enjoys the *Bleſſings* of a *well-order'd Country Life*, but withal knows, but hates and ſcorns, the *Follies and Vices of the Town.*

Sir, I am affraid, conſidering what a Lewd World this Poor Companion is to make his Progreſs in, if I ſhould turn him out alone, ſome Bully, Sharper, *&c.* would meet and uſe him rudely, which they dare not, ſo long as he continues under the *Shadow of your Protection*; for once, then,

then, Sir, be pleaſed to take him *into your Care*, at leaſt *foſter him for a Night or two*, till you have examin'd his Credentials, and then diſpoſe of him as you ſhall think fit.

But, Sir, while I am thus importuning you for *another* I forget *my ſelf*, who perhaps may more want an *Advocate* to excuſe the Boldneſs and Trouble of the Dedication than the Book itſelf does a *Patron*, and *ſome body* to plead for the Errours and Frailties of it. There's nothing, that I know,

but an extraordinary Principle of Generoſity can engage you, either to *forgive the one* or *accept the other*, and *that*, at a venture, I will depend upon, who am,

My Lord,

Your Honour's

moſt obedient Servant

Ed. S----cy.

THE

THE EPISTTLE TO THE READER.

THE giving Advice *and* Reproof, *has been always justly reputed one of the most Exalted Acts of* Friendship *that can pass between Man and Man, but then they're so commonly* mis-apply'd, *or, what's as bad,*

bad, miſunderſtood, *that like a ſhot ill aim'd, they either mount too high and fly over, or deſcend too low and drop ſhort, and ſo never comes near the* Mark *they're firſt levell'd at.*

This is the common fate *in moſt Caſes, but then, when they're Intermixt too with an* Ungrateful Repreſentation *of Men and Things, they are ſtill more difficult: So that in ſuch a Caſe, 'tis next to an* Impoſſibility *to recommend 'em with any* tolerable *Advantage or Succeſs.*

As for this Poor Vade Mecum, *'tis ſo* ſmall *and* trivial *in*

it

it self, that it can hardly justify even its Pretensions to an Epistle; *but then considering what kind of Persons it is to Encounter, 'twill be necessary, I think, to* premise *a few things to prevent* mis-constructions *and* mistakes.

The General Design, *I presume, I need not mention; the* Title *has done that before,* i. e. *that it is intended for,* A Companion for Country Gentlemen and Strangers, first to discover and expose, and then to Guard and Fortify 'em against the Cheats, Vices and Follies of the Town.

That's

That's the Deſign *of it indeed, and how far 'twill Anſwer that* Deſign, *muſt be left intirely to the* Judgment *of the* Reader *only with this ſhort* Caution, *that if he pleaſes he may do the Author this Juſtice, to conſider that he's Writing* Letters; *and then if his* Characters *and* Repreſentations *are a little more abrupt and ſhort than they might, or perhaps ought to be in other Caſes; That's a very good Plea and Excuſe for 'em.*

For the Perſons *and* Things *that are here Expos'd and Repreſented, I preſume, that no* Gentleman *that has liv'd in*

Lon-

London *any considerable time, but will allow 'em to be true in the main; and that furnish's me with an Answer to an* unkind Reflection, *which I perceive lies very ready to be past upon me,* i. e. That a Man must consequently be a very Vicious Person himself that is Qualified, to give a general Description of the Cheats and Vices of a Lewd Town; *But why so I wonder, they may as well repute a Man to be a* Good Christian, *because he has gathered up some general Notions and Texts of* Scripture, *which he makes no other use of then to deceive the* World, *or prate over at a* Tavern, *or an* Ale-House. *The*

The Caſe is the very ſame, and truly, I can't conceive why a Perſon that has Eyes and Ears, and a little underſtanding can't have a Curſory Knowledge *of theſe matters, without being any other ways concern'd than as an* Obſervator ; *If ſome Peoples Intellects are not ſo good as others, who can help it ? In ſhort, this* Reflection *is ſo Dull and Ridiculous, that 'tis below an* Anſwer. *I'm confident, there's none but the very* Cheats *and* Jilts, *and ſuch ſort of Rabble will make any uſe of it, and let them e'n take it and make their moſt on't.*

Well,

Well, but that I may not incur My Lords Herbert Censure, make my Porch too big for my Houſe, *Let it be but allow'd, that I have made any advances towards the deſtruction or diſcovery of* Vice, *and but one tho the ſhorteſt ſtep towards the Support and Defence of* Vertue, *which* I *ſuppoſe, few will be ſo hardy or unjuſt to deny,* I *have gain'd my* Grand Point; *and for the reſt,* I *Humbly ſubmit it to the future ſucceſs of this ſmall* Country Gentleman's Companion.

THE

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XVII.

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THE

THE

Country Gentleman's.

COMPANION, &c.

LETTER I.

Wherein he first passionately cautions him against coming to Town, and then shews him his Mistake in expecting better Conversation in London *than he can have in the Country.*

'TIS but few Days (dear Sir) since I received the surprizing News of your Resolutions to exchange your Conntry for a City Life. I confess the Report at first startled me, and indeed I would not believe it till I saw it solemnly confirm'd under your own Hand. Well, I find, to my great Astonishment 'tis really so, and

the weighty Reasons you give for it, are, That you must have better Company Diversion and Education than your own Country can afford you. But then Sir, is there no way but presently to Horse and to *London?* Is there no room left for a second Thought? What, hath this *London* Expedition enhauns'd 'em all? Must your good old Hospitable Seat, that for so many Generations hath been the Sanctuary of an Honourable Family, be at last cruelly turn'd off and forsaken, and left empty and void, and sacrificed to the Vices and Folly, or at least to the Nonsence and Impertinence of a debauch'd City? For shame, consider a little, and don't let this Wild Thought take too deep a root; and then I'll engage to point you out a method whereby you shall not only improve your self with regard to your Company and Education, but withal enjoy the dear Opportunity of Liberty and Retirement, without being exposed to the Interruptions and Disappointments that must consequently await you in this scurvy Town.

But your Determinations are fix'd it seems, and there's no removing 'em; to Town you will come, let the Consequence be what it will. Well then, since I can't dissuade you from this giddy and hazzardous

zardous Adventure, I can however act the other part of a Friend, and lay some honest Cautions and Admonitions before you, by the Assistance of which you'll be the better qualified to guard your self against those Cheats and Villanies, which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you are liable to be encountred with, before you can come to have any tolerable Knowledge or Idea of the Town.

But, First, you say, *that the main thing that brings you to* London, *is for the sake of good Conversation:* Let me tell you Sir, I speak it from long Experience, you'll soon find your self cheated in your Expectation. If it be good Company you want, you must e'en seek it somewhere else, for here 'tis hard, or rather not at all to be found. You may form what Chymerical Notions you please to your self concerning the Men and Things of this Town; but, take the Word of your Friend for't, you'll quickly find your Mistake with a Witness. Alas! this Town is grown so monstrously corrupt and degenerate, and so strangely over-run with Vice and Folly, that there's little good to be expected from the Society you'll find in't. There are some few conversable Persons, I confess, Persons of Sence and Honesty; but then they are so very few, and withal

ſo hard to be diſcern'd and come at, eſpecially by a Stranger, that how you'll do to pick 'em out, I can't tell; for my own part, I ſolemnly declare to you, *That after twenty years Experience, the Expence of my Money, and the irreparable Loſs of my Time, I have but very few Perſons in my whole Catalogue that I dare recommend to you, or can depend upon my ſelf for Friends and Familiars.*

No, no, Sir, if you will come hither, you muſt take *Men* and *Things* as they are, and not expect to find 'em juſt as you'd have 'em. If you'll come here you muſt ſometimes expect to be encountred with the Apes and Peacocks of the Town, thoſe uſeleſs Creatures that we dignifie and diſtinguiſh by the modiſh Titles of *Fops* and *Beaux*, and what's worſe, be compelled to ſuffer your Ears to be bor'd through and grated with an empty, tedious Din of their dull Impertinencies, or elſe the ſqueamiſh Coxombs look awry and ſcornfully upon you, and immediately repute you to be a *proud, ill natur'd, unmannerly Country Fellow.*

Sometimes you muſt be forc'd to undergo *the peeviſh Wranglings of contentious Zealots;* at other times be compell'd to ruffle with *the Inſolence of Bullies and Sharpers*, or content your ſelf to ſubmit

to

to *the Infamous Characters of a Cowar'd* and to be born down, insulted and impos'd upon, as often as those *good natur'd Sparks* shall think fit either to make you their Property or Buffoon; nay, what is still worse, you must be often forc'd to endure *the fulsom Steam of beastly Ribaldry, intermix'd perhaps with the horrid sounds of Blasphemy and Profaneness*, or else the *Gentleman Moralist* (as he is pleased to call himself) presently hisseth you out of his Company as a *Pragmatick Usurper upon the Freedom of Common Conversation.* Sometimes you must be content to be cruciated with base and false Innuendo's, and sly and injurious Insinuations. Anon be plagu'd with the poysonous Breath of Backbiters, and the serpentine Hissings of Hypocrites and Talebearers. In short, in this beloved City, for the dear sake of which you seem so passionately resolv'd to quit your Retirement, your honest Country Friends and Acquaintance, and what you ought to value most of all, the Habitation of your Ancestors, you'll meet with so many exalted Villanies and Rogueries, and so many Cheats and Tricks of all sorts and sizes, that I know not where or how to direct you to begin to form your new Conversation.

Here you'll see some pretending Piety, to promote their own Ambition and Interest; others extolling Charity and Union, purely to advance Division and Revenge; and the generality crying out, and exclaiming for the Good of the Publick, that under that Veil they may conceal their treacherous and base Ends, and have a larger Opportunity to propagate their own Advantage and Designs: and these together with innumerable multitudes of Rogues and Whores, Pimps, Bawds, and Cheats, make up the Grand part of the Conversation of this Town.

Now this is Blessed Company (is it not?) for a Man of Sence to be so fond of, that for the sake of it, he'll forgo the two best Properties of his Life, *i. e.* his Liberty and Retirement, and leave his Estate at Six's and Sevens, or at best to the Management of a few heedless Mercenary Servants, that 'tis ten to one, either through Avarice or Negligence, betray or deceive him. Come, Sir, I beseech you, consider again; look once more into the Nature of your Resolution: I protest to you, it seems to me to be a kind of hasty Folly exalted into Madness. What? Leave the endearing Sweets of a Country Life, for a little dull Noise, and rude Justlings and Confusion. To tell you my short Thoughts of the matter,

matter, if this wild Motion holds, I'm afraid I ſhall find your Name in *Poor Robin's* Chronology the next New Year.

Believe me, Sir, the Country is ſo empty already, that a true *Engliſhman* cannot look into it, without a great deal of juſt Pity and Concern. Is it not a very ungrateful Spectacle, to ſee ſo many Noble Houſes mouldring into ruin, and dropping down for want of Inhabitants? and then to behold the prodigious Growth and Increaſe of this unweildy City, and to obſerve what a ſtrange multitude of People there is jumbled together in it; who can reflect upon this, but muſt neceſſarily believe, that the Head in a little time longer will grow ſo much too big for the Body, that it muſt conſequently tumble down at laſt, and ruin the whole? This is a Misfortune, which I'm confident would well become the Wiſdom of the Nation to prevent; but 'tis foreign to my Deſign, and ſo I will not inſiſt upon't: beſides I have troubled you long enough, and perhaps too long already; and therefore will trouble you with no more now, but purſue my Deſign from Poſt to Poſt, till I have either wean'd you from the vicious Inclination of coming to *London*; or at leaſt detected, and expoſed to you the hazards and follies that attend upon it.

LETTER II.

Wherein he briefly ſhews that the Enjoyments and Diverſions of a Country Life, are infinitly preferable to thoſe in Town upon many accounts.

SIR, in my former I briefly ſhew'd you what kind of Converſation you muſt expect when you come to *London*; and by the way, I would not have you ſuſpect, that I have been any ways partial in my Relation, or that I intend to be ſo for the future. You may depend upon't, you'll find the Men and Things as I have reported 'em, and in ſome caſes worſe. But let them be what they will, it ſeems you will come to Town; you're cloy'd with your honeſt Country Diverſions, and ſo are reſolv'd to come up hither in queſt of new and more agreeable Pleaſures, as well as better Society.

I muſt tell you that this is a worſe Notion than your former; I muſt own, indeed, there is ſome ſmall matter to be ſaid in point of Converſation, for this of Pleaſure

ſure there's nothing at all to be urg'd: 'tis a Notion perfectly extravagant, and in the Judgment of all ſober Men, ſtands condemn'd as a fooliſh ridiculous Argument; and ſo will you too for making uſe of it. We have ſome ſort of Antick-tricks uſed here, 'tis true, to deceive Men out of their Time and Money, which perhaps may paſs upon the fooliſh part of the *World* and the *Mob*, under the Character of Pleaſure; but alas! when you come to take off the Vizard, and look into 'em in earneſt, they are nothing elſe but pure Cheats and Deluſions He that will juſtify the Reaſonableneſs of an *Adventure*, muſt be ſure to prove the Prize at leaſt to equal the worth of what he hazards for it; and when you can do this, I ſhall be of your Mind, and allow you have done very wiſely, when you have exchang'd your Country for a City Life; but then, in the *Interim*, I conjure you not to ſtir, till you have clear'd the Point. I'm afraid, Sir, to tell you my Thoughts, you have a wrong Notion of *Pleaſure* in general, and falſly eſteem that to be *Pleaſure* and *Diverſion*, which in truth is nothing elſe but *Vice* or *Folly*. I hope you don't imagine there's any real Pleaſure in the *Debaucheries* or *May-games* of the Town, that's a dangerous Principle indeed; and if you once

once ſuffer your ſelf to be impoſed upon by't, you'r in the ready road to utter Ruin and Deſtruction. Perhaps you may expect mighty matters from the *Play-houſe* too; why, indeed, that is the only Diverſion we have in Town, that can any ways pretend to a Singularity or Exception from the Country; but there too (tho' 'tis the beſt way of paſſing away an idle Hour, as I know of) you'll be encountred whith ſuch a variety of ridiculous Scenes and Actions, that in the main you'll hardly find it worth your trouble. There you'll find ſome clapping and ſtamping, others hiſſing and ſcoffing; and perhaps both without any Reaſon: There you'll ſee ſome a Cock-horſe on the Seats, damning and confounding the Play and Players, they know not why or for what; others throwing about their Wigs, and almoſt blinding you with their fulſom Powder, or tormenting you with the nauſeous ſcents of their Perfumes and Pulvilios; others prating with *Orange-wenches*, or bantering the *Whores*, and what's more probable, the *Whores* bantering of them. In ſhort, there's ſuch a ſtrange Confuſion and *Jargon* amongſt 'em, and ſuch a huddle of Men and things jumbl'd together, that unleſs you can abſtract the Good from the Bad, and withal draw Obſervations and

Diver-

Diverſions from 'em both, I can't tell what kind of Pleaſure or Satisfaction you can propoſe from thence. 'Tis the very ſame in all the reſt of our pretended Diverſions, *i. e.* Bowling-green's, Cock-pits, Tennis-court's, Ordinary's, Ball's, Muſick, Entertainments, *&c.* tho' the Recreations in themſelves may moſt of 'em be innocent, and harmleſs enough; yet they are generally ſo vitiated and corrupted, and the Pleaſure that they pretend to, is ſo interwoven with Danger, as well as Vexation of Spirit, that I defie the greateſt Maſter of the Town to make it appear that there is not more Pain and Diſappointment, than there is real Pleaſure or Satisfaction, attending upon the beſt of 'em. I dare ſay, if you could be perſwaded to make a fair Eſtimate, and compare the ſickly, feeble Pleaſures of this Town, with your own Noble and Manly Recreations, you'd find the latter turn the Scale, with a great deal of overweight. Ours are all but wretched Counterfeits and Impoſtures, and will hardly endure the Teſt of a Fruition. Indeed they may be ſomething grateful to us at firſt, but after we have repeated 'em once, or twice, they grow flat and dull, and at laſt loathſom: We are here like ſo many *Bees* in a Garden, humming and roving about from

from one Flower to another, fooliſhly endeavouring to keep up our Courſe of Pleaſure, by a continued ſucceſſion and circle of Varieties. I'm confident, Sir, if you had made ſo many Tryals of all this, as I have done, you would not ſuffer your ſelf to be impoſed upon by the roving Dictates of a blind Imagination; or run the fooliſh riſque of being perpetually toſs'd to and fro, in the ſearch of new Vanities, or elſe to be contented to endure the tireſom Scenes of the old repeated Impoſtures. 'Tis no matter for multiplying Words; beſides I'm writing of Letters, which ſhould be drawn into as narrow a Compaſs as may be; or elſe there's enough to be ſaid, to ſhew you that your Expectations from the Pleaſures of the Town, are much bigger than your Enjoyments can be; and that thoſe in the Country, are much preferable to them. Your Diverſions in the Country, *i. e.* your Hawking, Hunting, Fiſhing, Fowling, and the like, are Noble, Manly, and Generous, and do not cloy or ſatiate their Poſſeſſors.; but are ſtill improving upon 'em, and are every Day growing more grateful, and delightful; they are not ſpent or waſted by Fruition, as ours are, but ſtill the more they're enjoy'd, the more they pleaſe and gratifie the Enjoyers. Beſides, you would do well

to

to consider the Expence of the Pleasures of this Town: Yours are all free and open, and deriv'd to you, as it were, from the general grant of *Nature*; Ours mercenary and base, and not to be come at, without a certain unavoidable charge and danger: besides all this, all the Pleasures of this Town, may be all run through in the narrow compass of two or three short Days, and when that's done, you do but run the same foolish Round, tread the same Stage over and over again; and what can be more ungrateful to an Ingenious Man, than to have his Sences perpetually grated and impos'd upon by the dull Repetition of the same thing? But here I'll leave you; but first I charge you, in the Name of a Friend, to take this Matter home again to Your self, and put it once more into the Ballance, with your Reason and Judgment.

LET-

LETTER III.

Wherein is demonstrated that the Country has, in the general, the same Opportunity of Education *as the Town; and in many things, a great deal more.*

IN my two former, I gave you my hasty Thoughts concerning the Conversation and Pleasures of the Town. In this I intend to trouble you only with my Opinion concerning the *Education* you expect in it. *Education*, I confess, is a most precious and estimable Treasure; a Mine that contains so many rich Veins, that no Persons can be poor, that are in possession of it, unless they be such, whose Sloth and Idleness will not suffer them to dig out the *Ore*. But, Sir, as to your Point, the great Question is, what kind of *Education* it is that you come to *London* to be improv'd in: You know I am sensible your *Education* has been hitherto very Liberal and Genteel, and that you're already

ready a tolerable Master of most of the useful Qualifications, which are required in a *Gentleman*. But supposing you were not, and if that there were some other *Rudiments*, which you either wanted, or at least had a desire to be better instructed in; why, I wonder may not there be as good Opportunities to improve 'em in the Country, as in this Town. Indeed, if you have a Mind to learn to Fiddle and to Dance, and shew little *Apish-tricks*, or to be exact in the Rules of playing the Fool, or the *Pedant*, here you may be equipt. I confess, if you have a Design to make your self a good Proficient in the Arts of *Whoring*, and *Drunkenness*, or to understand exactly the Methods of *Debauchery* and *Profaneness*, this is indeed the Place of the World.

But then, for the Solid and Substantial parts of *Education*, such as are *Navigation*, *Architecture*, *Heraldry*, *Fortification*, *Limning*, and the like, I'm very confident, they may be acquir'd with far greater Freedom and Conveniency in the Country, than they can be at *London*; especially by a Gentleman of an Estate, that has it in his power, to choose what kind of Tutors and Directors he pleases.

No, Sir, you must ev'n keep at Home, if you expect to improve your *Education*; there

there you may enjoy the precious Opportunities of Quiet and Sedateneſs, which you muſt not expect when you come hither: Here you muſt expect the quite contrary, to be encountred with Noiſe and Non-ſence, and to have your Thoughts vitiated and diſturbed with Wranglings, and Impertinence; which are the very Bane and Canker of *Study* and *Meditation*: But in the Country, all things are generally ſtill and calm; there you have few Cares to bend and torment your Mind, and fewer Dangers to fright or diſcompoſe you, there's no Hurryings and Scramblings, nor Juſtlings, nor Countermining of one another; but all the buſie Actors are innocently and induſtriouſly marching on in their proper Stations, and, as far almoſt as the *Human Nature* is capable of, huſht into perfect Reſt and Repoſe. And now, Sir, can you think of theſe things, and at the ſame time retain your giddy Reſolution to quit 'em all, for the ſake of a noiſie paultry City.

I would not have you miſtake me, I am not adviſing you to a ſower Philoſophical Life, or ſhutting you up in a Cloiſter. I grant indeed, that the Flute and Violin, that Dancing, Singing Fencing and the like, may be very proper and innocent Qualifications for a young Gentleman to

paſs

paſs away an idle Interval; but then, I would not have him, like *Nero*, prefer his Fiddle to his Empire; or, like *Domitian*, ſpend his whole time in catching Flyes: I confeſs, if he could uſe them as all Bables and Trifles ought to be uſed, play with them at his Leiſure and then throw them by, there's no harm in them, but they are rather an Accompliſhment.

To make as ſhort of the Matter as I can, there is but one thing within the Compaſs of my Experience, in which this Town can any ways improve your Education beyond the Country, and that's a ſmall thing in Point of Converſation. If you were ſo well weighed both in your Judgment and Principles, that you might be turned looſe to take a ſhort view of the Town without any Danger, I mean, if you could run through the different Societies and Humours of it, without being infected or ſeduced by any of 'em, and withal could extract from them too ſome good Morals and uſeful Obſervations; why then, if you did make a *Winter Trip* to *London* for a Month or two, and ſtay no longer, then indeed there would be no great matter of Harm or Hazard in it; but to leave your Eſtate to the Management of Servants, and your Houſe and Gardens to run into Ruin and Diſorder,

and to come up hither, and ſpend your Time and Money, purely under the Pretence of better Company, Diverſion and Education than your own Country can afford you, is ſuch an unaccountable Mixture of Folly and Madneſs, that 'twill at once render you the *Pity*, *Scorn* and *Wonder* of all that know you. But here I'll leave you to retire into your ſelf, and to reflect in earneſt upon the Nature and Conſequence of what you are about.

LET-

LETTER IV.

In which is a general Reflection upon the present State and Condition of the Town.

HAving made some General Observations and Reflections upon *the three Things which chiefly induce you to leave the Country and come to Town*; and withal having briefly told you my Thoughts concerning the *Vanity of your Pretensions*, and in some Measure demonstrated to you, *That you either have, or at least might have as good Opportunity, both for Conversation, Pleasure, and Education in the Country as you can have in* London. I might have stopp'd there and left the Acquital that these have receiv'd, at the Tribunal of Reason and Common Experience, to have included all the rest: But Sir, that will not thorowly answer my present Design. I intend to expose the whole Town to you, as the *Spartans* of old were wont to do their drunken Helots to their Children, to wean them betimes from the vicious Inclination to Wine and Debauchery. I intend to lead you from one Seat of Action

to another, and give you a ſhort View of moſt of the *Dangers*, *Tricks* and *Villanies* which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you will conſequently be expoſed to when you come to it. As to the Town it ſelf, *'Tis a kind of large Forreſt of Wild Beaſts, where moſt of us range about at a venture, and are equally Savage, and mutually deſtructive one of another.* I wiſh 'twere poſſible to give you a *Diſtant View* of the State and Manner of it. I'm confident the Spectacle (if you were not really bewitch'd) would be ſo horridly odious and ungrateful, that you'd have ſmall Luſt to come at it, notwithſtanding the Fury of your preſent Inclinations. The firſt thing that you'd be encountred with would be the diſmal Proſpect of an *univerſal Poverty*, and *Crowds of miſerable People*, either wrack'd with the Agonies of their own Guilt or Folly, or groaning under the intolerable Want of Bread, or mad or infatuated by Oppreſſion, or deſperate by a too quick Sence of a continued Infelicity; here you'd ſee us all generally buſied to trappan, undermine and deceive one another, which we are forc'd to do to make good our miſtaken Pretence to a Life of Senſuality and Delight. If you caſt your Eye upon the Court, you'd ſee but few there but Flat-

terers

terers and Hypocrites, except it be some nauseous useless Creatures that are only fix'd there for Show, and indeed are fit for nothing else. If you look into *Westminster Hall* among the Lawyers, there you'll be entertain'd with little else but hideous Complaints for Want of Money and Business, and find 'em all so sower and ill natur'd, that you can hardly speak to any of 'em without endangering your Nose. Look among the Religious pretenders and you'll see them in the very same Condition, all furiously hating, and uncharitably censuring one another, snapping, snarling, grinning and biting, and almost every Party wishing all the rest damn'd, but just those few that agree with them in their own Opinion and Judgment. Observe the Shops, and you'll see an Universal Discontent and Melancholy hanging in the Faces of their respective Owners. You would see all these things, and many other unpleasant and tormenting Objects. And what sensible Man then would not be mightily rejoyc'd and satisfy'd that his better Fortune hath remov'd him from hence, out of the Noise and Participation of all these Evils and Calamities, and be constantly alarm'd, affraid and disturb'd that some cross and malicious Accident should force him hither?

Conſider, I beſeech you, what are the Advantages and Goods of this Town, that can give you any juſt Reaſon to be ſo fond of it; or what Evils in the Country that can render it ſo odious and obnoxious to you, and engage you to forſake it in ſuch a *Hurry* and *Affright*. Suppoſe you were now at ſome convenient Stand, from whence you might take a full and deliberate View and Proſpect of 'em both, and were juſt making a Pauſe to *ſurvey* and *compare* them one with another, ſuppoſe that having viewed over all the Comforts and Enjoyments of a *Country Life*, and the Bleſſings and Sweets of *Retirement* and *Liberty*, you were now looking forward upon the Town, and that *all in a View* you ſaw the *ſtrange Hurries and Impertinencies*, the *buſy Scramblings and Underminings*, and, what is worſe, the *monſtrous Villanies*, *Cheats and Impoſtures* in it; ſuppoſe, I ſay, that both theſe were in your View, *i. e.* the *Content*, *Happineſs*, *and Quiet of the Country*, *and the Diſturbance*, *Hazard and Noiſe of the City*. In ſuch a Caſe, I hope I need not direct you to make your Election. Well, the Caſe is the very ſame, and if *true innocent Delight and Diverſion* be preferable to *Debauchery and Exceſs*: If Liberty be better than Confinement, if a wholſom open Air

Air be better than contagious Smoak and Stink, and a quiet easie Life better than a Life of Noise, Vexation and Disappointment, why then the Country is better than the Town, and there is none but Madmen or Fools will venture to exchange the one for the other, and, *like the Dog in the Fable*, relinquish their Substance to catch at such a perfect Shadow.

And, now Sir, who can sufficiently wonder at your Infatuation, that you should object against the Dismission of so treacherous a Thought, such a viperous Inclination, that certainly will gnaw and devour all *your true Happiness and Felicity*. This is a Pitch certainly beyond the Common Degree of Folly; there must be some Enchantment, some powerful Philtrum in it, that can make you unhappily in love with any thing so much *below your self*, and, what's worse, *so very much deform'd, and a Jilt beside*. But I must not trouble you too long at a time, and therefore, in short, if you will indeed render your self a Competent Judge, whether a *Country Life be a Pleasant or Dismal thing*; enter upon it anew, and endeavour to improve and make the most of the Advantages of it, and then your own Experience will be your best and most Authentick Informer.

LETTER V.

Wherein is a General Diſſwaſive againſt Idleneſs, together with the Character of a Sot.

SIR, it were the Work of many Volumes rather than the Buſineſs of a few ſhort Letters to deſcribe the diſtinct Advantages that are wrap'd up in the *Comprehenſive Felicity of a Country Life*; but it ſeems the utmoſt I can ſay in the Caſe is to no purpoſe, your Determinations are unalterably fix'd for the Town, ſo that I won't give you or my ſelf any more impertinent Trouble upon that Account, but rather turn the Current of my Diſcourſe *another Way*; and firſt, tell you *my ſhort and blunt Opinion of what it is that hath inclin'd you to this wild Reſolution*, and then purſue the grand Part of my Deſign, *i. e.* to expoſe to you ſome of the moſt dangerous Cheats and Tricks of the Town, that, as a Young Gentleman and a Stranger, you are moſt liable to be catch'd and trapan'd by.

Firſt,

First then, to tell you my thoughts in ſhort, I'm affraid your chief Argument *for leaving the Country* will appear to be this, *viz.* that *you have too much time upon your hands*, and *to be rid of it you will venture to hazard your ſelf, your Eſtate, Health, Liberty, and Retirement*, and all for Company, nay, what's worſe, take in the Aſſiſtance of toylſome and laborious Vice, and call it by the falſe Name of *Pleaſure* rather, than be idle. And, what! could the Country afford you no Inſtruments for Relief in this Caſe? Had you no Books to divert you, nor no Opportunities to come at any? Was there no Gentleman of Parts and Learning, that you might exchange and deal your Thoughts with? Had you no Gardens nor Walks, no Fiſhing nor Fowling, nor was there no other Diverſion to be found out to deliver you from this intolerable State of Idleneſs? That's hard indeed. I'm confident *Leiceſterſhire* did not uſe to be ſo barren, I have often heard your good old Father ſay, that you never wanted innocent Diverſions there, and that a Country Gentleman might make his paſſage through human Life *in that County*, with as much Eaſe and Satisfaction, as in any part of the World beſide; but the Scene is altered now,

now, it seems; your Father was a dull, old phlegmatick Fellow, and only hug'd himself in a little old-fashion'd Country Happiness, a little, good, honest, downright House-keeping, *&c.* All which, in these Latter Days, are grown the Scorn and Aversion of our new-fashion'd Gentry.

Indeed Sir, I must agree with you, that *Idleness is a very dangerous thing, and the fertile Seminary of almost all other Vices*; but then I cannot grant that *London* is a proper Place to remove you out of the reach of it. A Gentleman here is in the main a Creature that's compos'd of nothing but *Pleasure and Idleness*, that, like the *Leviathan in the Deep*, thinks he hath little else to do in the Town but to take his pastime in't. I'll give you a short Account how some of our true-bred *City Gentlemen* manage their time, and then leave you to make your own Inference.

In this Town we have *three distinct Sorts of Idle Companions*, which may be properly differenced by the Respective Titles of *Sots*, *Beaus*, and *Gamesters*, and perhaps it may not be much amiss if I trouble you with a short Character of each of 'em, as far as 'tis consistent with my present Design. At worst, 'twill either

ther ſerve to divert or caution you, and if it does but one of 'em, I'm ſatisfied.

The Character of a Sot.

A *Sot* is a kind of ſluggiſh filthy Animal, that by a continued courſe of Lewdneſs and Debauchery, has intirely raz'd out the goodly Impreſſion *Nature* at firſt made upon Him; and is degenerated in the ſtricteſt Sence, from a Man to a Beaſt. He's diſtinguiſhable from the reſt of his *Species*, both by his Smell, Garb, Shape, and Aſpect; you may diſcern him by his dirty Hands and Face, his foul Linen, ſore Eyes, ſtinking Breath, and twenty other Badges of his Character, which he conſtantly carrys about him. His Method of Living, is generally thus: About Twelve or One, he commonly riſes, and when he has careleſly hung on his Equipage, he ſteers his Courſe directly for the *Tavern*; and to quench the flames of his Laſt-night's Debauchery, calls firſt for a Cooler of *White-wine* and *Ale* mixt together; and when he has taken a ſwinge or two of that, he ſends for the Maſter of the Houſe: *Faith*, ſays he (with a kind of Vanity) *I was damnable drunk laſt Night, and my Stomack is a little uneaſie this Morning; I think we had beſt try what a Quart*

of

of Hock *for a Whet will do:* By that time this is drunk, and perhaps another, and a Pipe or two of *Tobacco* ſmoak't into the Bargain, in comes the *Dinner*; if he can eat a bit, ſo, but 'tis ten to one whether he can or not; however he can drink as well as the beſt of 'em, and therefore ſits down with them for Company. Here the half Flask muſt be call'd for in Courſe, and the good Miſtreſs of the Houſe's Health begun in a *Bumper*, with ſo many other endearing Healths, that 'tis ten to one but he's more than half ſea's over, before the Cloth is remov'd. If he can get any body to bear him Company, here he fixes till he's ſo thorowly drunk, that a *Poſſe* of *Drawers* and *Porters* are forc'd to be call'd in to lug him into a Chair, or Coach, to carry him out of Harms-way, to his own Lodgings: But if he can prevail with no body to do him the Favour to ſtay here, and be drunk with him, then in a ſort of hazy condition, he blunders to the *Play-houſe* (the general Place of *Rendez-vous*) where he ſleeps, farts, and ſtinks for an Hour or two, and ſo returns perhaps to his former Vomit. The *Pit* know him well enough, and keep as far out of his reach as they can, eſpecially the *Beaus*; for, if he chance to fall foul upon one of them, he certainly ruins him for

that

that Voyage, or at leaſt forces him, upon the ungrateful Inconveniency, to ſteer to the next *Barber*'s Shop, to new Rig and Mundifie. Perhaps ſome Antiquated *Whore*, that for Company ſake can drink and ſmoke a Pipe, and be drunk as well as he, for want of a better Adventure, halls him to her, and lays him aboard; and if ſhe can but once decoy him to a *Tavern*, ſhe ply's him ſo very warmly, that ſhe ſoon makes him quite up, then dexterouſly picks his Pocket, and ſo leaves him. And this is the way a great many of theſe ſort of *Gentry* in this Town paſs away their Lives till an Habitual Courſe of *Sottiſhneſs* and *Debauchery*, hath either made them inſenſible, or thrown them into a *Feaver*, or ſome other dangerous Diſtemper, which carries them off intirely; or at leaſt brings the *Gout*, *Stone*, *Gravel*, *Strangury*, or ſome ſuch thing upon them, by which the whole Remainder of their Lives is render'd bitter and uncomfortable.

But, Sir, I remember the Caution you gave me in your laſt, *i. e.* to make my Letters as ſhort as I could; and ſo I'll defer the Character of the other two idle Companions till my next.

LET-

LETTER VI.

In which are the Characters of a Beau *and a* Gameſter, *together with ſome ſhort Reflections upon* Idleneſs *in general.*

The Character of a Beau.

A *Beau* is a Creature of a Nature ſo different and diſagreeable to the former, that you'd hardly take him to be of the ſame *Species*, and his time cut out to quite contrary uſes; ſome of it is ſpent in the idle purſuit of Modes and Faſhions, in contriving his Cloaths, and putting them on with the moſt Advantage; another part of his time is conſum'd in admiring Himſelf, or projecting to be admir'd by others, and the reſt in hearing of Flatteries, and reflecting and ruminating upon them. The firſt three Hours of every Day, are conſtantly dedicated to the ſetting his *Wig* and *Cravat*, rolling his *Stockings*, redning his *Lips*, and painting his nauſeous *Phiz*, and the like. When he thinks

thinks he has manag'd himself in the best order as may be, perhaps he stalks majestically to the *Coffee-house*, where he teizes some-body with an Hour's Impertinence, drinks his dish of *Tea*, and is laught at, and then, forsooth, he must have a Chair call'd, to carry him to a Lady, that (it may be) does him only the Honour after all, to let him dine with her *Dog* and her *Abigails*; or perhaps, if she be in a very good Humour, and wants a little Sport, will admit him to the favour to play a Game at *Cards* with her, till she has won his Mony, and made him the common Buffoon to the Company, and then she dismisseth him with a Jest: From hence, perhaps, he marches to another, and tells her a thousand Stories, how kind my Lady——was to him, what a plentiful Dinner they had, and how earnestly she prest him to stay longer with her; in short, 'tis ten to one but his Company soon grows ungrateful there too. Ladies don't often love such Fools, that are fit for nothing but to be stuck up in a Garden to fright the Birds from the Fruit, which they can eat none of themselves; and so to be rid of him, one of the Maids has the Sign given her, to take him aside, and tell him that her Mistris expects Visiters, and his Company won't be convenient.

From

From hence, it may be, he walks to the *Play-house*, where his chief Business is to observe the Ladies in the Boxes, and to expose himself to 'em: when the Play is done, he places himself at one of the Doors of the House, and stands ready to offer his Hand to help them severally into their Coaches; if there be ever a One, that will take him home with her, well and good; if not, by the help of a Link, he picks his way to the *Groom Porter's*, where he lolls about for another hour or two, and then the business of the Day is done with him. If there be any broken Intervals, which cannot be so well devoted to these Set and Solemn Fopperies, those are commonly glean'd up by some other little insignificant Trifles; so that the main of his whole Life, is nothing else but one continued Scene of Folly and Impertinence.

The Character of a Gamester.

A *Gamester* is a sort of Composition of both these together, half *Sot*, half *Beau*; and in his Nature and Constitution, worse than either of them. Indeed I want a Name for him; and if he be a profest *Gamester*, and has taken up the Trade

Trade purely for a Livelihood, he's no more fit to be admitted into the Society of Country Gentlemen, than a Mad *Dog* is to be turn'd loose into a Kennel of *Beagles*; where if he sets his venomous Teeth into any of 'em, they consequently run mad too, and so are fit for nothing but to be worm'd, or hang'd, to prevent the Infection of the rest of the Company. These, forsooth, range the Town in the Garb, and under the Characters of Gentlemen; and indeed some of 'em are so Originally, but then in their Practices they are not only a Reproach to their Family, but to their Title too. 'Tis a worthy Employment for a Gentleman, is it not? to make it his Business to find out Young Heirs of much Wealth, and little Prudence, and to rook 'em at Play, or entangle 'em into Suretiship, or perhaps, betray 'em into some mean and unequal Matches? This is their common Practice; and when they have hit of such a One, they seize upon him with as much eagerness, and observe him with the same joy, as a Vulture does the fall of a Carcase: But I shall have other Opportunities to speak with them in their proper Places; and therefore I'll wave them now. As to the Gentlemen that use *Gaming*, as their ordinary Method, to

ſquander away their Time, their uſual Cuſtom is this: To ſpend their Morning at the *Tennis Court*, their Afternoon at the *Bowling Green*, their Evening at the *Play Houſe*; from thence to their Miſtris; from her, to the *Groom Porter's*; from the *Groom Porter's*, to the *Tavern*; and from thence, perhaps (if they don't commit ſome Outrages, that oblidges the *Watch* to ſecure 'em from further Miſchief) about four or five in the Morning they get drunk to Bed. In ſhort, Sir, a *Gameſter* is a Compoſition of almoſt all the Vices of the Town jumbl'd together; his ordinary *Dialect* is Swearing and Curſing, and his Occupation ſolely depends upon Lying, Falſhood, and Perjury. His Life's a perfect *Lottery*, and a *Hazard-table*; to day he's a *Squire*, and ſo proud and inſolent, no body can ſpeak to him; to Morrow he's a *Beggar*, and as meek as a *Lamb*; and but lend him a *Guinea* to ſet him up, you may ſay or do what you will to him: To have done with him, his time is ſo equally divided between Vice, Folly, and Impertinence, and commonly ſo taken up and foreſtall'd by his Deſigns and Projects, and which way to manage his Cheats and Adventures, or at leaſt he's ſo harraſs'd and fatigu'd with his Loſſes and Diſappointments, that his whole

whole Thoughts, and that together, are loſt in the hurry: And thus he lives an abſolute Slave, and dies a perfect Wretch.

You ſee, Sir, how theſe ſort of *Sparks* ply their time; and truly, moſt of your *Country Gentlemen*, that come to *London* purely to ſpend their Mony, and to ſee Faſhions, fall under one of theſe Denominations. Well, what can make Men, *Gentlemen* eſpecially (that are diſtinguiſh'd by ſeveral extraordinary Advantages from the reſt of their kind) ſuffer themſelves to be impos'd upon by theſe kind of Follies, I know not: *Idleneſs* is certainly the grand Cauſe, and according to that common Principle of Nature, they muſt be doing of Miſchief, when they can find out no other Employ. But then, has *Vertue* loſt her Prerogative? Is ſhe grown in this laſt Age ſo old and deform'd, that ſhe has quite loſt all her Charms, and Endearments? No, no, my Friend; ſhe's ſtill the ſame, as charming and as beautiful as ever: the *World*'s grown worſe 'tis true, but *Vertue* never changes. If you would but actuate your own *Reaſon*, and diſinchant your ſelf from this unlucky Reſolution, you'd ſoon find ſhe'd propoſe a Method to you, both to delight and direct you in your Country Life, a thouſand times

beyond any thing in the moſt guſtful Senſualities, the City can pretend to.

To ſum up all, there's a kind of Juſtice, that oblidges a Gentleman to ſtay in the Country, and live upon his Eſtate; this he ſhould do, not only for the ſake of Charity and Hoſpitality, but likewiſe upon the Account of his poor Neighbours and Tenants, to whoſe Sweat and Labour, a great part of the Profits and Advantages of his Land is owing. They, I'm ſure, ſhou'd be encourag'd, ſupported, and aſſiſted; but how can that be, when the the whole Profits muſt be ſent up to ſupport the Grandeur, Equipage, and Extravagance of a lewd Town? And 'tis ſome odds too, whether the Annual Rents will do the buſineſs, or no; 'tis very often ſeen that ſuch kind of Luxuries and inconſiderate Methods of living, not only deſtroy the Crop, but the Soil likewiſe; prey upon the very Heart and Vitals of an Eſtate; and many have ſtay'd ſo long in Town, till they have had nothing left to retire to in the Country. There's much to be ſaid to prove this Town to be the Forge of *Vanity*, a Nurſery of *Vice*, a Snare to the Young, a Curſe to the Old, and a perpetual Spring of new Temptations. But, Sir, I ſaid enough already, to let you ſee my Sentiments of the Matter. My next

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buſineſs ſhall be to diſcover and expoſe to you ſeveral of the moſt Practick and common Humours and Tricks of it; ſome of which you'll certainly be encounter'd with almoſt upon your firſt Arrival.

LETTER VII.

In which the Humours and Tricks of the Playhouſe are expoſed.

SIR, having finiſh'd the firſt Part of my Deſign, and, as I ſaid, expos'd the Town to you, as the *Spartans* were wont to do their Drunken Helots to their Children. I come now to the ſecond thing; *i. e.* firſt, to lay before you ſome of the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of it, which, as a young Gentleman and a Stranger, you are in moſt danger of; and ſecondly, to give you ſome general Directions and Advice, *how you may beſt guard your ſelf againſt them.* And firſt, Sir, I will wait upon you to the Playhouſe (for thither I'm confident your Inclinations or Curioſity, or both together, will ſoon lead you) and bear you Company according to the beſt of my Judgment through the Different Accidents and Adventures which, as a Stranger, you muſt expect to be encounter'd with as ſoon as you come there. In our Playhouſes at *London*,

don, beſides an Upper-Gallery for Footmen, Coachmen, Mendicants, *&c.* we have three other different and diſtinct Claſſes; the firſt is called the *Boxes*, where there is one peculiar to the King and Royal Family, and the reſt for the Perſons of Quality, and for the Ladies and Gentlemen of the higheſt Rank, unleſs ſome Fools that have more Wit than Money, or perhaps more Impudence than both, crowd in among 'em. The ſecond is call'd the *Pit*, where ſit the *Judges*, *Wits* and *Cenſurers*, or rather the *Cenſurers without either Wit or Judgment.* Theſe are the *Bully-Judges* that *damn and ſink the Play at a venture*; 'tis no matter whether it be good or bad, but 'tis a *Play*, and *they are the Judges*, and ſo it muſt be *damn'd*, *curs'd*, *and cenſur'd* in Courſe; in common with theſe ſit the *Squires*, *Sharpers*, *Beaus*, *Bullies* and *Whores*, and here and there an extravagant *Male* and *Female Cit.* The third is diſtinguiſht by the Title of the *Middle Gallery*, where the Citizens Wives and Daughters, together with the *Abigails*, Serving-men, Journey-men and Apprentices commonly take their Places; and now and then ſome diſponding Miſtreſſes and ſuperannuated Poets; into one of theſe you muſt go, and truly, conſidering your Circumſtances,

I think the *Pit* is the moſt proper. Well, when you come there, the Eyes of every Body are preſently upon you, eſpecially of the Whores and Sharpers, who immediately give out the Word, to try if any body knows you; and if they find you're a Stranger, then a Lady in a Mask, *alias* Whore, which (as they expreſs it) is a good *Tongue-Pad*, is forthwith detatch'd to go and ſound you, and in the mean time a Cabal of Bullies and Sharpers are conſulting which way you muſt be manag'd, and paſſing their Judgments upon you. The Lady comes up to you with a kind of formal Impudence, and fixes herſelf as near to you as ſhe can, and then begins ſome looſe, impertinent Prate, to draw you into Diſcourſe with her. If ſhe finds you a Man for their Turn, and a true Squire, with ſome ſort of Subtil and Inſinuating Civility, ſhe leaves you a little, to go and make her Report to her Friends and Allies, that are earneſtly waiting to know the Succeſs of her Negotiation, in another Part of the Pit; here ſome proper Meaſures are ſoon reſolv'd upon, and ſhe's diſpatch'd to you again with new Inſtructions, and will be ſure to ſtick to you till the End of the *Play*; and in all the Interludes be conſtantly chattering to you, to ſcrew herſelf

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as far as possible into your Acquaintance, and familiarity. When the *Play*'s over she certainly marches out with you, and by the Way, perhaps does you the Favour to let you have a Glimpse of her Painted Face, &c. if she sees you take no Notice of her, and seem insensible of her Design, she comes to a close Parley with you, and must needs know which way you go; be it which way it will, her way's the very same; and so to avoid the trouble of calling another Coach, if you'll set her down, she'll give you a Cast another Night; 'tis ten to one but this is agree'd to: and now she has got you by her self, she begins to Cajole and flatter you, to commend some particular Part; your Shape, Meen, Carriage, Good-nature, and Civility; but above all, the Kindness in taking her into your Coach; in Consideration of which, if you'll do her the Favour to go Home with her to her Lodging, she'll do her best to make you Amends: When you come there, the first part of the Entertainment is, with her own Character, and Circumstances, which she commonly makes use of, for an Introduction to enquire into yours; when she has fully equip'd her self with your whole State and Condition, if she finds that you're worth her trouble, why, then she's so much captivated with your Genteel

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Deportment, free Diſpoſition and your Even Temper and Converſation, that you muſt needs Dine with her to morrow, and thus the Train is laid that will effectually blow you up and ruin you inevitably, if you give her a ſecond Opportunity to touch it with the fatal Coal. You are hardly gone out of her Room, but in comes the reſt of the Confederacy, a Set of Bullies, Sharpers and Whores, and then the Tables are ſoon turn'd, and you that were but the laſt Moment one of the moſt Accompliſh'd Perſons in the Univerſe, are now made the grand Laughing-ſtock for the Night; your Dreſs muſt be anatomized, your Meen and Dialect Buffoon'd and Ridicul'd, in ſhort, they conclude you fit for nothing but a Cully, and *that* they reſolve by ſome means or other to make of you. But to return again to the *Playhouſe*. If they find their Whore can do no good with you, then they try another Expedient, an Ingenious Gentleman that's born Weſtward of *England* makes up to you, and he, forſooth, muſt know what Country-Man you are, or what's a Clock by your Watch? or what Part of the Town you lodge in, or where you Sup? Theſe ſort of Sparks are commonly well ſtock'd, I mean, with Confidence and Impertinence, and ſo

don't

don't ſtand much upon Forms and Ceremonies with you; but, *by his Soul, if you'll go along with him to the Tavern and drink an honeſt Gentleman's Health of your Country, which he either knows, or at leaſt has heard his Name, he can carry you to a Glaſs of the beſt Wine in* London; his Bus'neſs with you is of the ſame Nature with the former; if he can wheedle you thither, firſt to make you drunk, then to draw you in to Gaming, and then by the help of his falſe Dice, and other tricks and ſlights of Hand, the *only Arts that he's Maſter of*, he ſoon gets your Ready Money, takes your Notes for more, by which means he links you ſo faſt to him, that without the greateſt Caution, you are inſenſibly ruin'd before you can diſentangle your ſelf. But if this don't paſs upon you neither; why then comes a third, and his Buſineſs is to draw you into a Quarrel, or at leaſt to try whether you'll fight or not upon Occaſion; and if you won't do that, they naturally conclude that a *Coward* and a *Cully* are convertible Terms, and ſo will be conſtantly teazing you till they have gained their Point. His Way of proceeding with you, is either to tread on your Toes, cough in your Face, ruffle, crowd or diſcompoſe you. But after all, if he finds you reſent

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his Behaviour and grow rough with him upon the Matter, he flies presently to his Grand Reserve, beg's your Pardon, and sneaks off. When neither of these can do your Business, then comes up a Forlorn Hope, *a worthy Old Matron, deeply skill'd in the famous Science of Procuration*, and she accosts you first with a Scripture Phrase or two perhaps; or if she finds that don't so well agree with your Palate (for some of your *Country Gentlemen* are not over-fond of Scripture neither) she changes her Dialect into *Bawdy*, and so with a little of one and t'other, and a Check under the Chin into the Bargain, she whispers you i'th' Ear, and tells you in plain Terms, *she perceives you're a young Country Gentleman, and if you have a mind to have a Taste of the Town, she lives in* Bow-Street *in* Covent-Garden, *and if you'll come and Sup with her, she can shew you three or four Couple of the choicest Strumpets* (*Ladies she calls 'em*) *about the Town.* You see, Sir, how naturally all these Beasts of Prey hunt a *Country Squire*, and if they can once blow him a little that he becomes obnoxious to the Herd, they seldom lose the Scent till they have set him up (as you Phrase it) *brought him to a Bay*, and then they soon pull him down and mangle him as they will; but here we'll leave him, and take Breath till the next Post. LET-

LETTER VIII.

Being a Continuation of the Humours of the Play-house, *together with a few short Reflections upon their Government.*

WELL, Sir, to go on where I left off; If you can pass these Pikes, and come safe off from the *Whore*, the *Sharper*, the *Bully*, and the *Bawd*, which I hope you will do, by the Assistance of the Cautions I have given you; then you'll be a little at liberty to look about you, and make your Observations. The *Stage*, I must needs own, was originally (till so many immoral Practices and Irregularities broke in upon it) of admirable use and Design. 'Twas a kind of Looking glass to the Nation, where a Man of Sence might form as true a Judgment of the Humours and Inclinations of the Better sort of the Kingdom, as in any part of the Town besides; how it has come to lose so much of its Beauty and Ornament in these latter Years,

Years, 'is no great matter to our purpoſe. If you will come there now, you muſt take it as Men do their Wives, For Better, or Worſe; 'tis already in a ſtate of Declenſion, and for my part, I am not ſo much a Friend to the *Mob*, or the *Phanaticks* either, to give my Vote for its utter Extirpation. To go on then, if it be a New Play, the Houſe is commonly very full, eſpecially if the Author be a new One too; upon ſuch occaſions, every body that has any Inclination for the *Play-houſe*, is willing to gratify his Itch with a Novelty.

Tho' indeed I muſt confeſs, when I look into the Plays that were writ formerly, and compare them with the generality that have been writ here a late, in my poor Judgment, the *Plots* and *Characters*, and (what's more ſtrange) the *Stile* too, is grown ſo profoundly dull and flat, that a Man muſt have a very good Appetite, that can digeſt ſuch intolerable traſh, without a Surfeit. Well, let it be what it will, provided it be ſtampt with a New Name, and a ſtrange Title, it certainly raiſes the *Mob*, calls together the *Whores* and *Bawds*, the *Squires*, *Beaus*, *Cits*, *Bullies*, *&c.* that come all crowding in ſhoals, to hear what this wondrous New Man can ſay, or do, to pleaſe 'em. The third Day,

if

if by the help of a good *Prologue* and *Epilogue*, good *Acting*, good *Dancing*, and *Singing*, good *Scenes*, and the like, the Sickly half-got Brat can be kept alive so long, is commonly the grand Day; then you may observe the general Humours of the *House*. In one part of it you'll see the *Judges*, and the *Wits*, with abundance of Hangers-on, and *Interlopers*, censuring and mistaking the *Scene*, if there be any, for the *Non-sence*; 'tis ten to one, if there be any Part above the rest, but some of these pretending *Coxcombs* unluckily pitch upon that, for their Subject to laugh at: the Reason of this is very plain, perhaps they may know a little of the *Merry Andrew* Parts, the dull *Jokes* and *Drolls*, which at best are but the Rubbidge and Lumber of the *Play*; but for the Flights and *Extasies*, and the shining Parts of it, those are utterly out of their Element; and so consequently they are forc'd to damn and censure 'em in course, because they don't understand 'em; the poor *Poet* must be confounded and maul'd, and, what's worse, if there be e're a *Phanatick* that sets up for a Judge, if there's but a few accidental Expressions, that don't exactly square with his Opinion, and Inclination, the whole *Play*, upon the score of one single Character

cter or Paragraph, muſt be eſteem'd a *Satyr* againſt the Government, and have an *Embargo* laid upon it, and the poor Author be doom'd as an Enemy to the Publick, to be taken into Cuſtody, and whipt, *&c.* This, within the compaſs of my own Knowledge, has been the Fate of ſome of 'em; and indeed I have known One of the beſt *Tragedies* that ever was writ, ſtopt upon ſuch a Peque. In another part of the Houſe ſit the *Poet's* Friends, which are reſolv'd to carry him off, right or wrong; 'tis no matter to them, whether the *Play* be well or ill done, they're engag'd either for Friendſhip, Intereſt, or elſe by a Natural Spirit of Contradiction, to oppoſe the other Faction; and thoſe you'll obſerve ſtradling upon the Seats, hollowing, clapping, and flouncing, and making ſuch an impertinent Clatter and Noiſe, and uſing ſo many inſolent and indecent Actions, that I adviſe you as a Friend, to keep as far from 'em as you can. But, what's worſe ſtill, perhaps, in the very nick of all, comes in a drunken Lord, with a Party of *Low Country* Warriours; or, what's more common, a Country *Squire*, that has lately taken up the Noble Profeſſion of Scowring and Revelling; and to ſhew their Parts and their Courage, raiſe a Quarrel, and put the whole

whole House into a Hurly-burly; then you'll see fine Work, indeed; the *Whores* tumbling over the Seats, and the poor *Squires* and *Beaus* tumbling after 'em in a horrible fright, and disorder; the whole *Pit*'s in Arms in a Minute, and every Man's Sword drawn, to defend himself; so that if the Uproar be not instantly suppress't, 'tis great odds but there's some body murder'd. These Insurrections, I confess, don't often happen, and 'tis well they do not; for if they shou'd, they might ev'n play by themselves: for, who but a mad Man would run the risque of being stab'd, or trode to Death, to gratify himself with an empty, insignificant Curiosity? And, indeed, most of our *Novel Farces* have little else, but barely that to recommend 'em.

But, Sir, if after all you will still go to the *Play-house* (which I hope will be very seldom, never when you have any Business of moment to divert you, or call you off other ways) why then, if you'll take a few short Instructions along with you, I'm confident, if they do you no good, they can do you no harm, at worst you will esteem 'em (I presume) a well intended Impertinence, and that's the most pardonable Errour of any thing of that kind. Well then, upon the former *Proviso*, that you have two or three loose

hours that are intirely upon your Hands, and you're resolv'd to make use of the *Play*, to fill up the idle Intervals; your best way is to fix your self in some advantageous part of the Pit, where with the least Disturbance, and Interruption, you may not only observe the Actions and Behaviour of the Actors, but likewise hear every Individual Part distinctly, by which means you may be able to understand the Plot and Design of the *Play*, and to judge of the several Characters, and what they drive at; for unless you do this, the best *Play* that ever was writ, can seem nothing else but an empty Dim of Words, and a jumble of things stuck together, without any manner of Order. 'Tis true, the greatest part of those that frequent the *Play-house*, come thither upon a quite different Errand; perhaps to see the Passionate Love, or Hate of some great Queen or Lady, represented; the Destruction of some Prince, or a *Hero*; or the Rape of a Virgin; or, what's more usual, to hear the Singing, and see the Dancing, to observe some of the little Drolling Humours and *Scenes*, and fine Cloaths of the *Players*: But, Sir, I hope you wou'd not herd your self among such a *Mob* as these? If this be all you propose to your Self from the *Stage*, you may ev'n save your Mony, and

and march to *Lincolns-Inn* Fields, where a *Mountebank* and his *Andrew*, will divert you as well. No, no, Sir, the true Design of the *Stage*, is utterly forreign to this; *i. e.* to expose and detect Rebellion and Faction, and Vice in general; and to exalt and commend Loyalty, Honour and Vertue; and truly, there's hardly any Play (if you take it right) that's acted at either of the Houses in *London*, but makes some kind of advances towards one of these Ends. 'Tis true, *Players* like the Mony of a Fool, as well as they do of a Man of Sence, and in some measure are as willing to please him with their Trifles and Bables, as Divert and Instruct the other with their *Encomiums*, and *Satyrs*; tho' by the way, I must tell 'em, they had best take care that by their *Farces* and *Drols*, and their *Jack Pudding* tricks, they don't at last pull their Houses upon their Heads; but it seems they're above Advice, and so I won't go out of my Road, to trouble my Head with 'em; 'tis well there's more Fools than Men of Sence, that are their Customers; if there were not, for all their Huffing, their Shares might be soon drawn into a narrow compass. Well, Sir, to have done with them, and the Subject too, if you please to observe what I have told you; with this One thing more, *i. e.*

never to Imbark your ſelf upon any Pretence, or Account whatſoever, in any of the Quarrels, Humours, Intrigues, or Factions of the *Stage*, you may then paſs away an hour or two at the *Play-houſe*, once in a Month, but no oftner, without any great matter of Hazard, and with ſome kind of Advantage.

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LETTER IX.

In which the Humours and Tricks of the Tennis Courts *are expoſed.*

TENNIS is one of the moſt Manly and Active Diverſions we have in *England*; and heretofore was hardly uſed by any but the Young Nobility, and Gentlemen of the Chief Rank: King *Charles* the Second, was a great Maſter and Judge of it, and would very often divert himſelf with a Set or two in the *Royal Court* at the *Cock-pit*, with a great deal of Satisfaction.

This is a Game that depends purely upon Skill and Activity, and not to be acquired without conſiderable Expence, and Practice; upon which Account indeed it has had the Advantage of moſt of the reſt, and abundance of *Sharpers* and *Cheats* have been kept out of it, for want of Mony to pay the Charge of the Court, and other Expences that are conſequent to it. But this, however harmleſs and inoffenſive it was in its Original and Deſign, has of

late incurred the ſame fate with moſt of the Diverſions of that Nature, and is ſtrangely degenerated from a Noble and Genteel Exerciſe, into a perfect Trade for Rooks and Sharpers, who perceiving it would neceſſarily be a good Foundation for 'em to get a baſe Livelyhood by, have cunningly twiſted themſelves into the Knowledge and Perfection of it. As to the Game it ſelf, a Perſon that has never ſeen it before can make but little on't, except it be any Curioſity or Diverſion to him to ſee three or four Perſons furiouſly running after a few little Balls, and laboriouſly bandying and toſſing them about from one to another; if this were all 'twere well enough, but then when he hears the Marker calling *Forty, Love, and a Chace*, and ſees them changing their Sides, and hears the Players wrangling and ſwearing about the taking of *Bisks* and *Faults*, and talking of *Cuts* and *Twiſts*, and *Forces*, &c. he preſently concludes there muſt be ſome wonderful Secret in all this; and ſo is reſolved to ſatisfie himſelf a little further. If he gets into the *Dan*, among the Gentry that come there to bet, and has the misfortune to ask any Queſtions, or declare his Ignorance, they preſently give out the Word, That here's a Squire come; and then two or three of the ſharpeſt of the

Gang,

Gang, come up with him preſently, in order to give him ſome little Inſight, and Directions into the Game, that they may prepare him againſt an Opportunity to take him in; here they tell him, 'tis all even and odd, a perfect *Lottery*, and that he may venture his Mony on either ſide, for 'tis all equal; and ſo indeed, in ſome Sets it is: For the Noblemen and Gentlemen, that are acquainted with the Game, and play it upon the ſquare, and more for the Reputation of good Gameſters, than for Intereſt, commonly make their Matches ſo very nicely, that the beſt *Sharper* and *Judge* among 'em can hardly (before the Set's begun) tell which way to bet his Money; here, perhaps, he wins half a Piece, or a *Guinea*, which inclines him to believe that this muſt needs be a very Fair Game, that a Stranger can get Mony at it at firſt Sight; and truly, as long as this Match laſts, he's in no great danger; but then againſt this is over, there's another Set ready to ſtep into the Court, that will be ſure to do his Buſineſs. The Managers tell him 'tis all equal now too; that Squire *A.* is a good Striker-out, but Squire *B.* is a better Back-hand; that Mr. *C.* judges a Ball finely, but then Mr. *D.* plays for a *Chace* much better than he; ſo that upon the whole, they conclude it a very good Match,

and that he'll ſee theſe Gentlemen will make better Play than the former; here they offer him his Choice, or to throw Croſs and Pile, which ſide he'll take; if he complys, and they have taken him in as far as the thing will conveniently bear at once, then the Sign is made to the Players, that they may manage their parts; when this Set is over, which is commonly play'd with as much ſeeming Eagerneſs and Fury, and withal with the greateſt Equality that can be; why then, with ſome little *Sham-quarrels*, and wranglings about adjuſting the Odds, *&c.* they agree upon another: Here they Attack the Stranger again; *Come*, Sir, *you had the miſfortune to be on the wrong ſide laſt time, tho' 'twas a very hard Match, and no body could tell who had the beſt of it, till the very Advantage-game; take your choice, we don't covet to carry off your Money.* And ſo they draw him on from one ſet to another, and from little Bets to great Ones (till they have ſtuck him, as they call it) and then, to keep up to their own *Dialect*, they ſeldom part with him, till they have ſent him away ſweet and clean. I was a tolerable Maſter of this Game my ſelf, I ſtudied it at *Oxford*, together with my *Logicks*, and *Ethicks*; and at laſt was arrived to that Perfection, that but few

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Scholars in the Town durſt encounter with me upon equal terms (I wiſh I could have ſaid the ſame with reſpect to the other) but for all my mighty parts in the Univerſity, when I came to *London*, I ſoon found my Inſufficiency; and that I muſt be new Documentized before I muſt pretend to ſet up for my ſelf: they would now and then take me in with them, to keep a Back-hand, which was my Maſter-piece; but truly, I had ſoon enough of my Back-hand buſineſs: In ſhort, I perceived they only made a Property of me, as they do of all Strangers, and ſo I knockt off in time; beſides I quickly grew acquainted with their Humours and Tricks, and ſaw that there was but few Matches made, but there was either a Bribed *Marker*, or ſome Gentleman that had firſt loſt his Eſtate, and then his Honour, and ſo was forc'd to comply with the Sharpings and Tricks of the Town, to get his Bread; or ſome Scoundrel that never had an Eſtate or Honour either, but had acquired the Game by a diligent Attendance upon the Courts, crowded in among them, and that there was hardly a Set play'd, but there was ſome ſort of Falſhood and Deceit practic'd; I wiſely diſpoſed of my *Raquets*, and Inclination together, and left them to manage their

matters

Matters by themſelves. But ſuppoſing *for once* that the Game was, as they'd have the World believe, ſquare and equal, yet one of theſe Sparks *that make it their Trade to hunt about from Court to Court have ſuch a vaſt Advantage of a Stranger that knows nothing of the Buſineſs, that 'tis morally impoſſible but they muſt get his Money and impoſe upon him at laſt.*

There are ſeveral in Town that live purely upon the *Tennis-Courts* (and live well too) if ſuch a way of Living may be call'd *living well*, but then they have ſuch a perfect Idea and Notion of a Set, and ſo many Myſterious Methods to turn and wind their Bets, and to bring themſelves off when they have the worſt, that a Perſon muſt have a natural Sharpneſs of Temper and Genius, back'd with a long Practice and Experience, before he can be a tolerable Maſter of the Faculty. But after all, if a Man could eſcape all their Tricks and Stratagems, which is almoſt impoſſible for a Stranger if he engages with them; what Buſineſs, I wonder, has a *Country Gentleman* at a *Tennis-Court?* Why, truly none as I know of, unleſs it be to expoſe himſelf, if not to the Cheats, at leaſt to the Laughter and Ridicule of a Company of lazy, ſharping Companions. Well Sir, if you ſhould

chance

chance to fall in among 'em, take this along with you, *that they'll cheat you if they can; if they can't draw you in to bet with 'em there, they'll attempt the enticing you into a Tavern or Gaming-Ordinary, or rather than fail, into a Bawdy-house; they have twenty little Arts which they make use of, and abundance of Baits to throw before a Stranger, and if he stoops for any of 'em, they'll be sure to find out some means or other to make him pay dear for his Enstalment into into his new Society. Indeed, for the Noblemen and Gentlemen that love the Game, and only use it for a* Breathing, *that play a set or two, once in a Week, to divert and and recreate themselves, they are above any base Action, and if you could fall in with them,* (*though I think the thing is scarce worth your Trouble*) *as there is no good, so there would be no great matter of harm in't.*

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LETTER X.

In which the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of the Bowling-Greens are expoſed.

BOwling is a Game for Diverſion, Recreation and Exerciſe, as well as Tennis, and was formerly a Game for few but Gentlemen, as that was; but as Men and Things are generally grown worſe and worſe, ſo is this too, and ſtrangely degenerated from an innocent, inoffenſive Diverſion to be a *perfect Trade, a kind of ſet Calling and Occupation for Cheats and Sharpers.* The Number of Bowling-Greens that we have in and near this Town are unaccountable, and the Number of Bowlers, Betters and Rooks that depend upon 'em, and live by 'em, almoſt miraculous; How they all live I know not, but that they do live, get Money, and ſpend high, is *moſt certain.* Well, but I'll ſhew you *ſome part of their Art*, and leave you to judge of the reſt your ſelf. If you pleaſe therefore we'll make a ſhort Trip to *Marybone* (for that's the *chief place* of Rendezvouz) the Bowling-Greens there ha-

having in theſe latter Years gain'd a kind of Preheminence and Reputation above the reſt, and thither moſt of the Noblemen and Gentlemen about the Town, that affect that ſort of Recreation, generally reſort; I have ſeen a hundred at a time at leaſt following one Block, and the greateſt part of 'em, five to one, I'm confident, Rooks and Sharpers. When a Match is made which they are commonly very nice in, but not ſo nice neither but a ſubtle, old Better knows preſently where the Odds lies; then the Sport begins, here you'll hear *five*, *ten*, *twenty Pieces* offer'd the Leader againſt the Follower, or the Follower againſt the Leader ſometimes upon the main End; and very often you'll ſee *five* or *ten Pound* betted upon a Single Bowl; they bet nothing but Gold here ſo that a man muſt have a good Stock that pretends to embark with 'em. But the Secret and Myſtery of all is, how one of theſe profeſt Betters manage the Point; let the Game go for them or againſt them, 'tis ſome odds, but they turn a Penny, or at leaſt bring themſelves off Savers at the winding up. I have heard one of them ſay, tho' he loſt five Pieces by the Bargain, yet by his cunning Contrivances and hedging, and his taking and laying the Odds (which is the chiefeſt part in the

the Betting) he ſhould be three Pound Gainer in the Main. But, Sir, this is an Art that is not learnt on a ſudden; and truly, 'tis much below a Gentleman, unleſs he has ſome Notions of loſing his Eſtate firſt, and being reduced aftewards to the Extremity of turning *Rook* for a Livelihood, to perplex himſelf about it. *Marybone*, as I told you, is the chief Place about Town, but for all its greatneſs and preheminence, it lies under ſhrewd ſuſpicions of being guilty of ſharping and crimping, as well as the reſt. Indeed, I believe the Noblemen and Gentlemen, are above any thing ſo exaltedly Baſe and Sordid; but for the Interlopers, I'm a little jealous when they find ther's a convenient Green, a great many Citizens, Fools, and Strangers, that they have always a Match or two lying by them, to divert ſuch kind of Adventurers. I have obſerv'd my ſelf very unequal Dealing among them; and withal I muſt own was ſomething ſurprized and diſſatisfy'd, to ſee ſo many Gentlemen, if not concerned, at leaſt winking and conniving at it. Well, Sir, in ſhort, I'm very certain, 'twill be your beſt way never to come there at all, and then you'll be both out of the Danger, and the Temptation too; for unleſs you are ſo much a Maſter

of

of your ſelf, as I know ſome are, only to divert your ſelf with walking about, and obſerving the Humours of the Company, you'll be in great hazard to be ſeduc'd into ſome ſort of Gaming, which you may perhaps have cauſe to repent as long as you live. There you may be equipt with Gaming of all ſorts; if you are for the famous Game with two *Dice*, properly diſtinguiſht by the memorable title of *Hazard*; there the *Groom Porter* has a Gentleman in ordinary, conſtantly in waiting: If you're for *Back Gammon*, *Trick Track*, *Picket*, *Cribidge*, or for an honeſt upright Game at *Whisk*, there's Chapmen enough for you: But, by the way, I'd have you take care of them, for 'tis ten to one, if they can once bring you down (as they expreſs it) if they ſuffer you to riſe again, without making a Penny of you. But, Sir, I would not keep you too long here neither, if you'll give your ſelf the trouble to take a Turn with me to a Bowling-Green or two on the other Side of the Water, there you'll meet with both Bowlers and Betters, that are very well worth your Obſervation. A Gang of ſuch unaccountable Creatures mix'd and jumbl'd together, and ſuch a ſtrange and horrid Din of Blaſphemy and Swearing (too common indeed in moſt of theſe kind of Aſſemblies)

that

that I know not where to begin my dismal Account of 'em. Well Sir, to have done with them as fast as I can, their common Way of Proceeding is this, there are generally five or six that ply at one of these Greens, that are look'd upon to be the Cocks or Chief Bowlers, and these always keep together, unless they can draw in a Younker to make a Property of. Their Way of making their Matches is by drawing the Dice as in most other Greens, and the Method is well enough where the Gamesters are equal, but that's but a blind neither which they have to impose upon the Persons that are Strangers, and don't understand the Cheat; for let the Dice fall which way they will, their Friends and Allies, the Betters, must give the Sign which Side must win, and each of these has always his Familiar or two near him to direct him whether he should bowl on or off, and for Six pence Advantage they'll do either: Sometimes it happens that they are forc'd to take in a Stranger for want of a fourth Man to make up their Set, and then things are not quite so well for their purpose; however to make the Matter as secure as they can, they all three bowl against him, and none more earnestly than his own Partner; he must lead in Course and then if he puts in a good Cast

and

and leaves him beſt at the Block, if the Game be in any Danger, he'll be ſure to be two or three turns over, and either reſt him off, or ſtrike up the Adverſary; and to blind the Stranger, will impudently pretend to juſtifie the thing, notwithſtanding the Miſcarriage, to be the judgement of the Game; and if he could have ſtruck the other out, which he never deſigned, they had been up. In ſhort, they manage the matter ſo, that unleſs the Stranger be able to beat them all three, he muſt neceſſarily loſe his Mony, and yet they carry on the Game ſo equally, and with ſo much ſeeming Fairneſs and Policy, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible (unleſs a Man has ſome *Idea* and Notion of the Perſons before-hand) to find them out.

If they get a Stranger to engage with them Hand to Hand, let him be never ſo exact and judicious a Bowler, they'll find out ſome means or other to cheat him out of his Game. Sometimes they'll be croſſing the Ground upon him; others will be Bawling to him juſt upon the delivery of his Bowl, and teizing and confounding him with impertinent Advice, to make him forget his Lengths; and perhaps, one of the Gang will pretend to be betted on his ſide, and ſo amuſe him with

giving him falſe Ground; or if none of theſe or ſuch like tricks will do, why then juſt as he's acquainted with the Running and Byaſſes of his Bowls, there's a Gentleman come they pretend that owns them, and muſt have them, but they'll give him another Pair, that are of the ſame ſize and weight, and in all reſpects as good, but only 'tis the Gentleman's Humour to Bowl with no other; and theſe, perhaps, are either Back-byaſt, or pegg'd, or loaded, or have ſome other trick uſed to them, that 'tis impoſſible to come near the Mark with them. Sir, I could diſcover abundance of their little Raſcally Cheats to you; but 'tis neither worth your time to read them, nor mine to write them; you ſee in the main, what a villanous Gang theſe are, and how careful a Gentleman ought to be how he ventures himſelf among them; for beſides theſe cheats and tricks upon the *Green*, they have abundance of other dangerous Villanies conſequent to them: they have their *Whores*, and *Setters*, their *Thieves*, and their *Pick-pockets*; their falſe Dice and Cards, and almoſt all other Engines for Miſchief, ready upon occaſion. Indeed, even in the worſt of theſe places, there is a great many Honeſt Gentlmen come daily to Bowl; but

but what then? I can't see the necessity for a Gentleman to run a Risque where there's no occasion; if he will divert himself with a Game at Bowls now and then, there's places enough about *London*, where he may meet with Sober and Genteel Company, may pass an hour or two, without being grated and tormented with the hideous noise of Cursing and *Swearing*. The Game is a very innocent and healthful Recreation in it self, and I think one of the best Diversions we have about Town (provided a Man has nothing to do) to pass away a *Summer*'s Evening. I hope you will not mistake me in this, nor in any of the rest; I am not entirely advising you against the *Play house*, *Tennis Court*, or *Bowling Green*, or any other innocent and harmless Recreation. I know some Divertisement is so necessary, both for the Body and Mind of a Man, that 'tis hardly possible for either of 'em, to be at Ease without it: but that which I would reprehend, is the Excess and the inordinacy of them; the making that a set and formal Business and Trade, which should be only used as a Diversion, and to fill up the idle Intervals; and withal to discover to you the ill uses that are made of 'em, and the Dangers and Hazards they expose

a Man to, if he once ſuffers them to uſurp his time, and get the Maſterſhip over him; this is ſolely my Deſign, and truly I cannot ſuſpect that my ſincere Endeavours in this point ſhould meet with any falſe Conſtruction.

LET-

LETTER XI.

In which the Humours of the Groom Porter's, *and the Tricks and Cheats of* Ordinaries, *and other* Gaming-houſes *are briefly expoſed.*

SIR, having ſhew'd you in my former, how ſome of our Town Gentry ſpend their Day, and given you ſome Cautionary hints of ſome of their Bare-fac'd Cheats and Tricks, that are tranſacted in the ſight of the *Sun*; I ſhall now carry you a little further, and ſhew you a few of their Works of Darkneſs; and how their Nights as well as their Days, are ſadly conſumed and play'd away, in a dangerous repetition of Gaming and Vice; and accordingly, if you pleaſe, we'll firſt make a ſhort ſtep to the *Groom Porter's*.

The *Groom Porter's* has been always looked upon as the moſt Reputable and Convenient Place in Town, for a Gentleman to venture into, that has a mind to try whether his good Fortune will ſuffer him to keep his Eſtate himſelf, or force him

to commit it into the Hands of some body else to do it for him. There is whole-sale Business, I can assure you, several thousand Pounds bartered for most nights, so that if Fortune should play the Jilt, as she often does in such Cases, you may be readily unsquired in two or three hours; nay, if you will in two or three Hands. The ordinary Game they play at there, is *Hazard*, and *Hazard* indeed it is, and a very great one too, if you go in among 'em with two or three hundred Pieces in your Pocket, whether you bring e're a one out with you again. I have known an Honest Gentleman come thither in a new Coach, with a pair of very fine Horses, that hath found it so hazardous, that in a Night or two afterwards, he has been forc'd to hazard it Home in a *Hackney*. But they say, All things there are very square, and honest, good Wine, good Attendance, good Company, and all other suitable Conveniencies to accommodate a Gentleman, whilst he's comfortably playing away his Estate. All this may be, 'tis true, and it may not be too; for by the way, I have seen a *Spark*, by the help of good Fingers, and a little Dexterity of Hand, manage their *Mathematicks* something quirely upon occasion. Well, but we must not dive too far into

their

their Secrets neither, they'd grow angry perhaps, if we shou'd, and I would not incur their Displeasure upon any Account: and yet I hope, Sir, I may give you a little short Advice, as a Friend, without being very offensive to any of 'em; 'tis only, That you never come within their Reach upon any Account, or Pretence what ever; 'tis a dangerous infectious Place for a young Gentleman but to put his Head into; and many a One by venturing a little too far, has caught such a Contagion at once, that has made him droop a great while, and at last carried him clear off. The old Proverb says, *Forewarn'd Fore-arm'd*; and truly 'tis as good as any in the whole Catalogue. If a Man will plunge himself into Ruine, and squander away his Estate, and reduce himself to the wretched Condition to be forc'd to sneak after every little *Coxcomb* for a Supper, or for a *Crown* to buy him a pair of Shooes, as I know several Gentlemen of good Families, and who have had good Estates too, till they wisely consumed them in the study of these sorts of *Mathematicks*, at this time are; let him ev'n take it for his pains. But the Circumstances in their own Nature, are beyond Aggravation, and so I'll leave them, and go and see what they're doing at the *Ordinaries*.

The *Ordinaries* are a kind of *a ming-houses*, Inferiour and Subservien Gto the *Groom Porter's*, and are either managed by one of his Domesticks, or else tolerated and allowed, by his particular License and Deputation; as most of the other Games are; the *Lotteries* only excepted, that, I think, are included in the *Royal-Oak* Patent. These *Ordinaries* are a Receptacle for all sorts of *Gamesters*, and are indeed very convenient Nurseries, to drag up Youngsters, and to qualifie them against their Estates come into their Hands, to play them decently away at the *Groom Porter's*: How such kind of *Seminaries* as these come to be suffered, I know not; but this I know, 'tis a shame, and a disgrace to the Kingdom, that there is not some Regulation or Stop put to 'em. These Gentlemen pretend to be much upon the *Mathematicks* too; and, that all things are carried extraordinary fairly and squarely among them, as well as at the *Groom Porter's*; but, by their Leave, I have seen their *Mathematical* Flats, and Bar's; nay (for a need) *Mathematical* Fullams too; and abundance that will run *Mathematically* high or low: these are a sort of false Dice, that are cut and stain'd so exactly like the true, and withal mark'd with the same Mark, that 'tis morally impossible

poſſible for a Stranger, that does not ſuſpect the Cheat, to diſcover it; and theſe the *Box-Keeper* has commonly in a Readineſs, when he has the Sign given him, to put in; or if he has them not of his own, there's thoſe about him that never go without them. When they have got a Gentleman, which they deſign to rook in among 'em; whilſt ſome are ſharping him out of his Mony within, others are tampering with his Servants without, to find out the ſtrength and manner of his Eſtate and Circumſtances, and where he lodges, and what Friends and Acquaintance he has in Town; and if they find that his Effects will anſwer, and that he's a Perſon that may be ventur'd upon; as ſoon as they perceive he has loſt all his Stock, then one of the Gang, that's conſtantly watching there for ſuch Opportunities, takes him aſide; *Sir*, ſays he, *I believe you're a very honeſt Gentleman; I am very ſorry to ſee you have loſt your Mony, and would not have a Civil Man by any means expoſed, and therefore, if you pleaſe, I have five or ten Pieces at your Service:* If he'll accept of the Favour, then he tells him, the Cuſtom in ſuch Caſes, as well here as at the *Groom Porter's*, is to take nine for ten, and to allow him a Call upon a good Hand. When this is loſt too (as it always is in a little time)

time) then they conclude he's fixt; and so the Gentleman that has done him the Favour to cheat him of his Mony, will needs (under pretence of a great deal of formal Civility) invite him to the Tavern, to take a Glass, and eat the Wing of a Fowl with him: When they have decoy'd him thither, the Person that did him the extraordinary Friendship to lend him the ten Pieces, must be instantly sent for too, who in the *Interim* has made up a new Purse, and is very ready to Credit him with the other ten, till to Morrow Morning, if he has a mind to try his Luck; but he wo'nt advise him. *Here the* Box *and* Dice *must be called for, and the honest* Drawer, *that knows his Duty in such Cases, brings in the* Box *with a pair of their own* Dice, *which they have convey'd into his Hand in the Interim, &c.* And now there's no room for Suspicion, but every thing is carried with the greatest Frankness and Indifferency; and so at it they go, till the other ten Pieces are gone after the rest, and what must be done then? This Worthy Friend has no more Mony about him; if he had, he might command it: And truly he thinks since they have won the Gentleman's ready Mony, that they can do no less than give him a Cast or two upon Honour; with a great

great deal of ſeeming Uneaſineſs, and perhaps a thouſand perfidious Oaths and Execrations, that they never did the like before, and upon Condition too, that the Gentleman will give his Note to pay it to Morrow Morning, if he ſhould happen to loſe any thing, this is comply'd with: And here begins the fatal *Cataſtrophe*; if they think that he has too much regard for his Reputation, or too much Modeſty to make uſe of the Statute for his Defence, or perhaps (what's more prevalent with him than either) will be unwilling that the Town ſhould know he has been a *Bubble*, then they ſtick him in earneſt, ſo deep, it may be, that he muſt be forc'd to cut off a Limb of his Eſtate to get out of their Clutches. Sir, we have too many ſad Inſtances every Day in View, to convince you of the truth of this, without enlarging upon it; ſo that, I hope, from this haſty Caution I have given you, you'll have enough of theſe kind of *Ordinaries*; however, for your better Satisfaction, we'll ſtep thither again, and ſee what the reſt of 'em are doing in the other parts of the *Houſe*: Why, there are ſome playing at *Back Gammon*, ſome at *Trick Track*, ſome at *Picket*, ſome at *Cribidge*, and, perhaps, at a By-table in a Corner, four or five harmleſs Fellows at *Put*, and

All-

All-foures; here's no Reſpect of Perſons, here come *Apprentices*, *Journeymen*, *Footmen*, *Coblers*, or any body, provided they bring Mony in their Pockets, and come either to cheat, or to be cheated, *Pro hac vice*, they have as extenſive a Qualification to Swear, Blaſpheme, and Hector, as the moſt Renowned *Sharper* in the whole Gang. That each of theſe in his reſpective Station is a Cheat, I ſuppoſe, you'll take for granted; you may as well be cheated at *Cards*, as at *Dice*, and at *Back Gammon* and *Trick Track*, as at *Hazard*; the falſe *Dice* and Slights of Hand will ſerve for One, as well as the other; there's no difference, as I know of, but only the former is a little longer about the Buſineſs. But beſides all this, if a Man could be ſecure to guard Himſelf againſt their falſe *Dice*, and Slights of Hand, and was equal with 'em too in point of Judgment and Experience, what buſineſs has a *Country Gentleman*, or indeed any Body elſe, to venture Himſelf among ſuch a rude Herd of wild Creatures? Well, I'm aſhamed to think that any *Gentleman* ſhould ſink himſelf ſo much below a Rational Creature, to be guilty of ſuch Unaccountable Folly; I muſt own I utterly loſe my Pitty, when

I ſee one of theſe Wretches ſhirking about in Rags (as there's enough of 'em about Town) that are Living Monuments of their own Vicious Indiſcretion; let 'em ev'n keep their Rags, their Poverty and Contempt, for me.

And truly I could almoſt wiſh every one in their Condition, that does not take warning from 'em, but will violently plunge himſelf into the ſame Misfortune.

LET-

LETTER XII.

In which the Humours and Tricks of the Royal-Oak Lottery *are expoſed, together with a ſhort Account of the Practices of Lotteries in General.*

I muſt own, Sir, I broke off from my *Relation of the Ordinaries* ſomething abruptly: Indeed the Proſpect it ſelf was ſo diſmal and odious, and the Accounts of the Men and Things that belong to 'em ſo troubleſome and ungrateful, that I was forc'd to leave 'em in an Affright and in Haſte. A Sober Man cannot look into 'em without Aſtoniſhment. I loſe both my Reaſon and my Charity when I think of 'em; but then how ſhall I do to contain my ſelf whilſt I give you a Deſcription of the Lotteries, which in all Reſpects are as bad, and in ſome Meaſure a great deal worſe than they?

And Firſt, for the *Royal-Oak Lottery*, 'tis a Game indeed that is ſtamp'd with a *Noble Name and Superſcription*, but how well

well it anſwers *that Honourable Title*, I leave you and all the World to judge. 'Tis pity, methinks, that ſuch a glorious Character, *a Royal-Oak*, which deriv'd its Name from being a Shelter and a Safeguard to *Diſtreſs'd Majeſty*, ſhould be baſely ſubverted and changed to *ſerve the Ends* and *propagate the Intereſt of a Scurvy Game*, a Game that (if the Common Proverb be true, which the Town paſſes upon it; and indeed I'm inclin'd to believe it is) has *Ruin'd more than the Fire of* London; How it was brought out of *France*, and how it came to be Eſtabliſh'd by a Royal Authority in *England*, is nothing to my Purpoſe; *'tis here, it ſeems, and here it has been a great many Years, the Managers have got Eſtates, and the Fools that have us'd it have loſt theirs*; but all this is ſtill foreign to my Matter, my Deſign is only by Way of Caution to give you a ſhort Account of the Practices and the Ways and Means that they commonly uſe to raiſe Money from the Publick. And this I ſhall do *with the utmoſt Brevity and Candour I am able.* It would be too long to trouble you with the whole Contrivance of the Game, and the ſeveral Odds and ſecret Advantages which the Managers have above what they pretend to, or perhaps what they *know*, and indeed I

much

much queſtion whether the original Projector himſelf had a perfect Knowledge of all the *conſequent Profits* of it. In ſhort, 'tis a cunning, intricate Contexture, and has ſo fair and ſo enticing an Aſpect, that many an honeſt Gentleman and Citizen has been ſeduc'd by it, *to the Loſs of their whole Eſtates and Ruin of their Families.*

The Odds which they ſay they have, is only *two and thirty Chances againſt ſeven and twenty*, which they pretend were allow'd 'em *to diſcharge the Annual Rents they are obliged by their Patent to pay to the King*, and *to diſcharge the Ordinary Expences of their Houſes, Servants and Officers.* Well, for once, we'll ſuppoſe that their Advantage is no more than this, who, I wonder, but a Madman, would go to play away his Money upon ſuch a manifeſt Inequality? Your Old Gameſters all allow it as a *General Rule* at *Back-Gammon*, that, however a Younker, by Extremity of Luck, and Dint of Throwing may now and then get a Set or two of 'em, yet if they continue the Match they'll in the End be ſure to have all the Cargo; 'tis the very ſame in the other Reſpect, and ſeveral Perſons do very often win Money of 'em and carry it off, and ſo 'tis neceſſary they ſhould, for otherways the Worthy Conſtitution muſt

diſſolve

diſſolve in Courſe; and indeed this is the main thing that draws in People to purſue it; but this is but a perfect Bait, the next time they come, 'tis odds but they not only loſe their Intereſt but their Principal too. I think there was an honeſt Gentleman, one that got ſome Money of 'em, and kept it too, but then he was forc'd to have a Mathematical Ball made on purpoſe, and truly if he had made no worſe uſe of his Mathematical Dice than he did of his Mathematical Ball, I ſhould not be very much out of Conceit with his Mathematicks. This Game has got a wonderful repute lately among the Ladies, eſpecially among the Citizens Ladies, who, they ſay, that they might not loſe time, do commonly two Buſineſſes there at once, *i.e.* firſt, make their Husbands Cuckolds, and then Beggars; whether they do the firſt or not, I will not be poſitive, tho, by the way, conſidering what company they meet there, there's ſhrewd Grounds for Suſpicion; but for the latter they do it effectually. I have ſeen, my ſelf, an ordinary Citizen's Wife loſe her Seven or Eight Pieces in a Morning, and at the ſame time ſwear ſolemnly ſhe has had the ſame bad Fortune for a Month together ſucceſſively. How ſuch Citizens Ladies, and indeed all other Ladies that frequent

ſuch ſort of Diverſions ought to be managed, I think lies pretty ready, we have Mad-houſes about Town, and thither I'd have 'em all ſent and kept under a ſtrict Diet and Diſcipline, till they had either abſolutely forgot or ſolemnly forſworn the Folly; and after that if they ſhould relapſe, let 'em be commited to the Tuition of a Gentleman in a Blew Coat, and let him try if he can Whip it out of 'em. What it is that bewitches both Men, Women, and even Children, to follow this unhappy Game, I cannot gueſs; 'tis true, 'tis recommended to 'em under the falſe pretence and Coverture of a great deal of Equality and Advantage; but then if they would but turn themſeves about and look backwards a little, they muſt needs ſee their Miſtake with a Witneſs. I can produce hundreds that have loſt their Eſtates, and been ruin'd by it; but let them bring but one ſingle Perſon that has purſu'd this Game for any conſiderable time, that will own, or rather prove that he's a Winner in the main, and I'll give up the Argument, and grant that whatever I, or any body elſe can ſay againſt it, is utterly falſe, and groundleſs. I know, Sir, this cannot be done, and 'tis Nonſence, and a Contradiction to imagine it; but ſtill I am the more at a loſs

to

to find out what it can be that ſeduces the World to follow it on, notwithſtanding the Strong, and Repeated Conviction of the Diſadvantage and Ruine that attends it. Nay, what's more admirable ſtill, that Men of Sence ſhould be catcht. I have known ſeveral that in moſt other things would have paſt Muſter well enough; by their Fooliſh Projects, and falſe Aſſurances, which they had form'd to themſelves, how to win Mony at this deluſive Game, have rambled from one Notion to another, and try'd ſo many Experiments, that they have projected themſelves out of all that they have, and are forc'd now to hang upon it, to try if they can pick up a *Shilling* now and then, at the beſt of the Ley, or get a Mug of *Ale*, or the Dregs of a Bottle of *Wine* amongſt 'em.

Well then, Sir, not to trouble you with too many of theſe kind of Reflections; there were always Fools, and always will be; let a Man ſay what he will, there are ſome People ſo bigotted to their Folly, and ſo fond of their own way, that they will not be put out of it, though they know it leads 'em directly to Ruine and Deſtruction. I hope you will not fall under this Character; you ſee the *Rock*, and if you will voluntarily run upon it, and

dash your self to pieces, I have, however, discharg'd the Office of a Friend, in shewing you where it lies: and can do no more, except it be to lament a Misfortune, I could not prevent.

But now I think on't, I won't part with these Gentlemen, without taking my Leave of 'em neither; there are still some memorable Qualifications amongst 'em, that I'm confident ought not to be past by, without some sort of Ceremony. And first: These Gentlemen keep an open Table; that's true enough, and a Person that has twenty or thirty pound in his Pocket to lose with 'em at Night, may dine with 'em at any time; but withal I have seen a poor Gentleman that has lost some thousands with 'em formerly, basely and disgracefully thrust out of Doors, for but calling for a Glass of their *Brandy*: nay, and they pretend to be very charitable to the Poor too; Secret *Charity*, I confess, is the most meritorious, and I suppose, that's the way they communicate theirs, for I never heard of any that they did in publick.

But then, what kind of Poor are they, as they are thus beneficial to? Why, doubtless, they must be the Poor of their own Making; and, by the by, if they were forc'd to provide for their own poor, as all other Honest Corporations are, they'd

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be ſoon compell'd to quit their Country-Houſes, and return to their reſpective Employments to get their Livelihoods, as well as the reſt of their Neighbours. Well, but (they ſay) they have one point of Civility, which every body muſt allow to be very extraordinary, *i. e.* that when they have won a Gentleman's or a Lady's Mony, they'll give 'em Half a Crown, or a Crown for a Coach; that I muſt needs own to be a very high point of Civility indeed, and who would not after ſuch a Favour, come within a Night or two, and loſe thirty or forty Pound more, to make 'em Amends? And this they call a *Paratto*, or a *Parato*, you may call it which you will; but it ſeems moſt Natural to me to be a *Parato*; the *Engliſh* of which is, *Prepare thou*, that is, *Go, and provide more Mony, and come hither again, and play it away*; that's the true Intent of the Buſineſs, I believe; and this they do too, to a poor *Gameſter*, with ſo many Curſes, and ſo much Inſolence, that none but a Deſpicable, Mean-ſpirited Wretch will accept of it from 'em. Well, but, Sir, I muſt not ſpend all my Time and my Paper about 'em: In ſhort, I don't think 'em worth it. Beſides, I have ſome other of their Dependants, to make a ſhort Viſit to; and therefore, I'll leave them to Re-

form and Repent, or, what I rather wish, to be Reform'd, or Abolish'd.

Having done with this *Grand Lottery*, I suppose you expect I should say some thing in course of all the rest: As for the *Mony Lotteries*, that are now so much in Vogue in Town, I declare I neither like, nor understand 'em, and therefore will have nothing to do with 'em. If you can get a thousand Pound for a Penny, or ten thousand Pound for twenty *Shillings*, I will own you have good Luck; but I must tell you, that 'tis ten thousand Pound to a Penny, whether you do or not. I believe a Man might find some matters in the Secrets of their Managements, that might deserve a little Reflection, as well as the rest; but since they say, and some People believe they have only ten *per Cent*, for all their expence and Diligence, for my part I won't trouble my self to disprove 'em; e'en let 'em take it, and if they and the World are satisfied, I must own I never had, nor never will have any cause to complain. But now, for these little *Sucking Lotteries*, *Plate Lotteries*, I think they call 'em, they're but poor Soundrel Cheats, that will pass upon none but the Country Fools, and Town *Mob*. A few Bables, some false Dice, and a little Sham-plate behind

a Glaſs, ſets up one of them; beſides, they are only *Feuditaries* to the former, and derive their Priviledge from their Deputation. Indeed, a Man may, if he will, go to one of them, and throw away four or five Pound, to get a Nutmeg-grater, or a Tobacco-ſtopple, for a Curioſity; as I know thoſe that have at a *Bartholomew* Fair; but then I think *Merry Andrew* ought to be made acquainted with it, 'twill ſerve him for a good Subject to divert the Rabble with. Indeed, there is a late Invented *Lottery*, where there's nothing to be won but Mony, nor that neither, that deſerves a ſhort Obſervation. This, it ſeems, is to be managed with ten Dice; and truly the *Projectors* have ſo carefully ſettled their Prices, that none of thoſe that are conſiderable, are reconcileable with the Numbers upon the Dice; a Man may in the hazard of thirty or forty *Shillings* get a Hit of Half a Crown, or ſo; but unleſs he has got the Art to reconcile Impoſſibilities, he can never come at any of their twenty or thirty Pounds, which they pretend to. In ſhort, all theſe are but Down-right Cheats, and Devices, to deceive Ignorant People out of their Mony; and many a child has been tempted to rob his Parents, and Apprentice his Maſter, upon the Account of 'em: I

muſt confeſs, I think they are ſo much below a Gentleman, that he needs not be caution'd againſt 'em; they are not only exaltedly Fooliſh, and Ridiculous, but Scandalous too, and certainly, under thoſe two Qualifications, a Man muſt be either a perfect Madman, or an Idiot, that will concern himſelf with 'em; a Man may indeed by ſuch inconſiderate Actions as theſe, expoſe himſelf to the Laughter and Scorn of the Town; but let him take this along with him, when he has once done it, he'll find it a little difficult to recover the Loſs of his Reputation. A Good Name may be loſt in the Queſt of Bables and Trifles, as well as in the purſuit of deep and deliberate Follies. A Gentleman may as well ſquander away his Eſtate and Reputation at a *Nine-pin Yard*, and a *Shovel-board Table*, among Journeymen *Shoomakers* and *Porters*, as at the *Groom Porter's*, amongſt *Gentlemen* and *Sharpers*; there's no difference that I know of, but only the One does his Buſineſs at once, and the other's a little longer about it: They are equally dangerous and diſgraceful, and both infinitely beſide the Practice and Character of a *Gentleman*.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

In which the Tricks of the Cock Pits, *and the Cheats of* Horſe Races, *and* Foot Matches *are expoſed.*

PERHAPS, Sir, having diſcovered ſo many of the Cheats and Tricks of the Town to you already, you may now think it high time to wind up my Account. I can aſſure you, I have no Vanity in reporting theſe Matters, they are as odious and unpleaſant for me to write, as they can be for you to read: But ſtill, Sir, I remember my Promiſe, I told you I'd ſhew you a little of moſt of the Follies and Villanies of the Town, which as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you're moſt in danger to be trapann'd, and impos'd upon by, when you come at it. To proceed then to the reſt, for once I'll carry you to a *Cock Match*; and if you love that Diverſion, ſhew you a Battle or two, that you may ſee how much our Sparks in *London*, manage their matters beyond yours in the Country.

Cock-

Cock-fighting, is an Ancient, Barbarous ſort of Diverſion, that for many Years has been of high repute, even amongſt the Nobility and chief Gentry of *England*: 'Tis now indeed in ſtate of Declenſion; the Gentlemen, perceiving the conſtant Charge, Folly, and Inconvenience that depended upon it, have in a great meaſure, wiſely laid it down.

And the *Sharpers*, *Rooks*, and *Scoundrels*, together with few ſome *Fools*, have taken it up; or elſe the Cruel Sport, for that's the beſt Title I can give it (and I think the beſt it deſerves) had been happily worn out, and loſt, and there had been an end on't. For my part, I cannot conceive where the great Diverſion in *Cock-fighting* lies: the *Bear Garden* and *Cock Pit*, are both alike to me; and truly, in my Judgment, they are both Inhuman, and Unnatural, and there's very little Satisfaction in either. But this is nothing to the purpoſe: It paſſes under the Notion of a Harmleſs Recreation among the reſt; the *Rooks* and *Sharpers* get Mony by it, and therefore we'll go and ſee a little how they manage their point. Their firſt Buſineſs is to bribe themſelves into Acquaintance with the Feeders, and to learn every particular Cock's Marks, Breed,

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Way of Fighting, *&c.* When they are thorowly equipt with theſe, and every thing elſe, that can poſſibly give 'em any Advantage in point of Judgment, they make their Bets, but ſtill their Eyes are conſtantly fixt upon the Cock, that they may obſerve every Wound and Turn of a Battle; and truly moſt of your Old *Cockers*, are ſo very ſharp and quick-ſighted in ſuch Caſes, that they generally diſcover the niceſt Advantage, and accordingly either take, or lay the Odds, to bring themſelves off; and ſo far 'tis fair enough, and every Man is to be commended for making the moſt of his Buſineſs; and indeed, 'tis impoſſible they ſhould uſe their Talents any further in a fair Match than this comes to, unleſs it be to ſwear you out of your Bets, when you have won 'em, and bring ſome of their Gang to give Judgment againſt you, as 'tis very common amongſt 'em. But all this is little to their Buſineſs, and if there was nothing elſe in it but the Advantage they have in point of Judgment, they muſt be quickly forc'd to find out ſome new Adventure, or prepare to fight Battles of another Nature. Their Buſineſs generally comes on when the *Grand Match* is over (unleſs the whole be one of their own making) then, perhaps, they have a By-match or two, to divert

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the Company at Parting, which may bring in something. Here they set down One of the Sharpest narrow-heel'd'st *Cocks* they have, to One that they know is a perfect Slug; and 'tis ten to one too, to make all things sure, but they crack his Beak, or thrust a Pin into the Roof of his Mouth, or blunt the Points of his Gasles, or cramp him with a Hair about his thigh; for in such cases they'll be sure to make all things safe; but then the force of their Designs depends chiefly upon the managing point, against their *Cock* comes to be set down, in order to which one of the more Reputable sort of Sharpers, offers large Bets upon the *Cock* that is to lose, and withal several *Shamwagers* are laid among themselves. *This*, says he, *is a Brother to the Pile that kill'd Squire* G——'s *Dun, he came from Mr.* R——'s *Hen, and my Lord*——C——'s *Duckwing, that won the Famous Battle at* New Market: And, perhaps, may be a Sightly *Cock*, and a good *Cock* in Nature. By these, and such like Stratagems, 'tis odds but there is several snapt; and to colour the matter, when the Business is over, they pretend that he receiv'd a Wound in the Body in the Sparring-blows; and if he had not been accidentally disabled, he would have certainly won the Battle, and they'll fight one of the

the ſame Brood, with any *Cock* of his Match in *England*, for a hundred Pound. Sir, I would not trouble you too much with this kind of Stuff; you may judge from this ſhort Draught, what theſe Gentlemen would be at, their ſole Buſineſs is flat Sharping, and Rooking; and, if you'll venture in amongſt 'em, and hazard your Mony; you may depend upon't; if they find you a Stranger, they'll have ſome Device, either by fair means or foul, to cheat you before they part with you. But after all, what, I wonder, can it be that ſhould induce a Gentleman, to hazard himſelf, and his Reputation among ſuch a Gang of Varlets, as theſe are. I can't imagine where the Diverſion, or Felicity can be, to ſee a Kennel of Deep-mouth'd Ruffians (ſtanding round a Pair of Fooliſh Creatures) Hollowing, Curſing, and Blaſpheming, whilſt they mangle one another to death? This is a very unaccountable way of diſpoſing of your ſelf, indeed. Well, Sir, I will not trouble you more about it; you ſee how Caſes ſtand, and if you will plunge your ſelf into ſuch manifeſt Inconveniences, you muſt ev'n take it for your Pains, and ſit down by the Loſs.

And next for *Horſe Raceing:* Why, that's in the main a Cheat as bad, if not worſe

worſe than the former, and many an Honeſt Gentleman hath been bubbl'd by it out of his whole Eſtate. As to the great Matches between Noblemen and Gentlemen, the Plate-matches, *&c.* that's all Country Buſineſs, and don't fall within the compaſs of my Deſign; and I'm glad it does not, for truly if it had, I'm afraid I ſhould have been apt to ſay ſomething that would not ſo well have ſuited with their reſpective Characters. However, if you are for a Courſe, and will be betting with 'em, you may take this among the reſt, That unleſs you have a true Knowledge of the *Horſe*, and *Riders*, and eſpecially of the Deſign of the Owners, you may as well be taken in by a *Jockey Knight*, or *Squire*, as by an *Hoaſtler*, or a *Horſe Courſer*; and what's worſe, you muſt not complain neither; if you do, you affront 'em, and then Wars will enſue. In brief, I think you have no great Buſineſs among any of 'em. But ſince we are upon the Ramble, we'll make a ſhort trip to *Barnſted Downs*, or *Hackney Marſh*, and ſee what Company they have got there: There, I'll warrant you, if you are for ſuch ſort of Sport, you won't want Diverſion. Well, I wou'd not keep you long among 'em (for they're a dangerous Society) and therefore you wou'd do well to remember,

member, that there's not one Match in twenty run there, but what's a Cheat; the *Heart* of the Company is made up of nothing, but *Jockeys*, *Horſe Courſers*, *Hoaſtlers*, and *Farriers*, with ſome extravagant Citizens, that are learning to gallop, and manage their *Racers*, againſt they are forc'd to mount 'em upon another occaſion. A Genteel *Cit*, that does not Ride above ten or eleven Stone, after he has wiſely Raced himſelf out of his Shop, makes as accompliſht a *Highway-man*, as the beſt *Butcher*, *Coachman*, or *Hoaſtler* of 'em all. But, Sir, I'm ſure you won't like this Company; beſide you have enough of it in your own Country, and therefore we'll leave 'em to manage their Cheats by themſelves, and make the beſt of our way to *Hide Park*, to try if we can have any better Diverſion, at a *Foot Match*.

Foot Raceing, is juſt of the ſame Nature with the former, only with this Difference, that they Rob a Foot, and the other a Horſeback; the One's a *Highway-man*, and the Other's a *Pad*. In ſhort, the general Buſineſs of both is to make *Sham Matches*, to draw in Strangers, and to impoſe upon 'em, by a few raſcally Cheats and Tricks: But they're grown ſo common, and well known in Town, that there's few, but the very *Rabble*, take any

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Notice of 'em. I could have entertain'd you with ſome of their Villanous Stratagems and Devices, but that I think they are both below a Gentleman's Ear and Pen; they're only fit for the correction of the *Mob*, and let them take 'em, and try, whether a Horſe-pond, or a Houſe of Office, will work any thing towards their Reformation.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

In which the Villanies of Guinea Droppers, *and* Sweetners *are exposed.*

GUINEA *Dropping*, or *Sweetning*, is a Paultry little Cheat, that was recommended to the World about thirty Years ago, by a Memorable Gentleman, that has since had the Misfortune to be taken off, I mean, Hang'd, for a Misdemeanour upon the *Highway*. However, he left the Mystery behind him, which has ever since been manag'd with pretty good Success, by some of the worthy Members of his Gang, and is now improv'd to that high Perfection, that 'tis become a perfect Occupation, and several Remarkable Persons live upon it. The General Places where the Masters of this Art *Rendezvous*, is *Lincolns-Inn Fields*, and *Covent Garden*, and in most other Publick Places between *Westminster Hall*, and *Temple Bar*; especially in the two former; and 'tis some odds if a *Country*

Gentleman, or a Stranger passes through either of 'em, but he's attackd by 'em. The Manner of this *Cheat*, is thus, (as I had it from One of the Chief Masters of the Faculty, that, it seems, has quitted the Business upon some Dislike.)

Says he, *To make us a Compleat Set, there must be three of us; One to Personate a* Merchant, *the other a* Country Gentleman, *and the third a* Tradesman. *When we have hit of our* Cully, *(and they have commonly a damnable Notion of a Person for their Turn) One of our Gang marches directly before him, and another follows close behind, till they come to a convenient Place, where the* Mouth *(as they are pleas'd to term him) must needs observe; and then the* Spark *that is in the Front, drops the* Guinea: *Faith,* (says he, turning about to the *Stranger) I have found a Piece of Mony here, I think 'tis a* Guinea; and then if he that's in the Rear perceives he's insensible of the Cheat, up he steps, and claims Halfs. After a little Sham-squabble between the two Cheats, says the first, *If any body has any right to a Snack, 'tis this Gentleman, who saw me take it up: But to prevent Disputes, Come,* (saith he) *'tis a lucky hit, we'll ev'n go all to the Tavern, and spend the odd Mony, and then divide the Remainder fairly*

and

and equally amongst us. The third still continues at a distance, to observe the Success of their Management, and in what Tavern they house him, which is one where they commonly have a thorow Acquaintance and Familiarity: when he's fixt, then in comes he, in a mighty Hurry, and pretended Confusion, for the Loss of a Bill, *which he says he supposes he dropt just now, in the very Room where they are drinking:* And to colour the Matter, One of the other two conveys a *Sham-bill* under the Table, which he immediately takes up, and as a testimony of his Joy for the Recovery of it, will needs call for his Pint. After they have drank two or three Pints, and begin to grow a little warm, up starts one of 'em, and pretends to have discovered a Pack of Cards, which he has before plac'd in some convenient part of the Room, for his purpose. *Ha!* says he, *here's a Pack of Cards; Come, Faith, I'll shew you one of the prettiest Tricks, that I was taught by a* Dutchman *t'other Day, that ever I saw in my Life*: And so to possess their *Cully* of their Innocence, *&c.* they shew several of the ordinary Tricks upon the Cards. At last, he that is the most Dexterous, starts the Grand Trick; which they call *Preaching the Parson*; how the Dogs came to call it by that Name,

know not; unleſs it be, that ſo many honeſt Clergymen, above the reſt, have been impos'd upon by it. As to the Manner of their Trick, 'is no great matter, my Deſign is not to teach you Tricks, but how to avoid 'em: 'tis a Palm, and a Slip that they have, a ſort of *Deceptio Viſus*, which if you have a Curioſity to ſee, there's enough in Town will equip you. If this Cheat takes, then they have no need to try any other Expedients; but if this don't paſs upon you, then they'll try you with falſe Dice, Rug and the Leather, or twenty other Projects, that they have ready upon ſuch Occaſions. For, in ſhort, your Mony they will have, before they part with you; or rather than fail, knock you down, and rifle you, or pick your Pocket.

Sir, you have this Account of this piece of Roguery, in the very words, as near as my Memory will ſerve me, as I had it from my worthy Informer (one of the Maſters of the Gang;) and truly I have been ſomething the longer upon it, that it may ſerve as a General Caution to you againſt Imbarking your ſelf with Strangers, upon any pretence whatever. For, give me leave to tell you, a conſiderable part of the Miſchiefs of this Town, are deriv'd to us upon that Account, and will be every Day more and more ſo, conſidering the pre-

preſent poſture of Men and things. This Town degenerates hourly; Honeſty and Vertue, are almoſt dwindled to nothing. Roguery, Folly and Vice, are conſtantly increaſing, and growing more Publick and Inſolent; ſo that if you will notwithſtanding venture to *London*, believe me, 'twill require your utmoſt Care and Wiſdom to guard your ſelf againſt 'em.

LETTER XV.

In which the Tricks of Bawds *and* Jilts *are expoſed, together with ſome Reflections upon the Art of* Trapping.

SIR, I am now entring upon the laſt, and indeed the moſt unpleaſant part of my Relation, *i. e.* the Tricks of *Bawds* and *Jilts*, two Ranks of degenerated Animals, ſo exactly Impious, ſo ſolemnly and deliberately Vicious, and Scandalous, that their very Names, the very Title of a *Bawd*, and a *Whore*, is ſufficient to fright a Sober Man, not only from their Embraces, and Converſation, but even out of all manner of Luſtful Thoughts and Inclinations.

In the firſt Rank I place the *Bawd*, or *Procurer*, you may call her what you will; for though the latter has uſurp'd a Name a little more Modiſh, and Decent than the former, and perhaps may have a little more Buſineſs among the *Quality* and *Gentry*,

Gentry, yet they are both Practitioners in the very same Arts and Sciences, and constantly agree in the Main of their Occupation. There's no Difference that ever I heard between *Jeany C*—— and *Moll*—— *Q*—— or my Lady ——— either, only in point of Price: *Jeany* and my Lady won't equip you under a *Guinea*, perhaps; and *Moll* will furnish you as well for Half a Crown; nay, rather than lose your Custom, for a *Shilling*, and a Quartern of *Rasberry*.

In short, One helps to a *Common Miss*, and the other to a *Common Whore*; there's no Odds but in the Name: And these are all Works of Darkness beside, and then according to the old Proverb, *Jone's as good as my Lady*.

However, for Method sake, I'll take 'em to pieces, and shew you a few of their Tricks and Managements, under the respective Characters of a *Procurer*, *Bawd*, and *Jilt*.

First then for the *Procurer*: Her chief Place of *Rendezvous*, is at the *Play-house*, that's the Change she never fails to be upon; and indeed is the most proper Place for her to put off her Dammag'd Commodities. She seldom wants Chapmen there, especially for her *Maiden-heads*, which she pretends is the only part of her Merchandize.

You may eaſily diſcover where-abouts in the Pit ſhe keeps her Office, by the Concourſe of *Whores* and *Gallants*, that are perpetually crowding about her, either for Advice, or Aſſiſtance. If you ſhould once be ſo unhappily Vicious, to make uſe of her, ſhe will lay ſo many Snares and Temptations to entangle and betray you, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for you afterwards to eſcape her Deluſions.

Sometimes ſhe'll have the delicateſt Woman in the World for you; at other times a fine young Creature, of about fourteen, a perfect Pattern of Innocence, and Modeſty, and a pure Virgin; beſide, ſhe has one that ſings like an Angel; another than dances to a Miracle; a third that has an incomparable Shape and Meen; and a fourth that's an Abſolute Wit, and the only diverting Companion of her whole Sex.

In ſhort, ſhe has 'em, or at leaſt pretends ſhe has 'em of all Sorts and Prices, from a *Guinea* to five, and from five to a hundred; but let me tell you, that if you deal with her for any of 'em, you have better Luck than moſt of your Neighbours, that venture their Stocks upon ſuch brittle Ware, if it don't prove a dear Bargain at the making up your Account.

A *Race Whore*, or a *Pad Strumpet*, as they order their Buſineſs, will ſtand you in five times as much in a Year's Keeping, as a Race Horſe and a Pad together, nay, than a whole Stable of Racers, Pads, and Hunters too. They muſt be kept finely cloath'd, and nicely dreſt, and have good Meat in their Bellies beſide, or elſe they'll turn Jades immediately.

But perhaps you may like the Humour of Roveing better, than Keeping any of theſe Cattle for your own Riding; hire a *Hackney Whore*, as your Citizens do their Horſes, for a Journey, and no more.

But then unleſs you can have 'em at the ſame Price too, fifteen Pence a ſide, if you ſhould have occaſion to Ride often, you'll find it very chargeable.

Which of theſe Methods is the better, I cannot direct you, I muſt confeſs I abominate 'em both; but there's enough in Town that can; 'tis true, they are generally forc'd to walk it now, or if they do mount (which is very ſeldom) 'tis either upon a caſt Hunter, or ſome poor Pad that has had the *Farcy*, or a *Fiſtula*, or ſome Surfeit or other foul Diſtemper, that has made 'em only fit for the Hounds, or at beſt for a *Hackney*.

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However, they can inform you sufficiently, or else you may read it in their Looks; their very Legs will direct that they have Rid hard in former times, and withal give you a sad testimony, how dangerous rid to Journeys are, both in regard to your Estate, Wealth, and Reputation.

In short, Sir, if one of these *Belle Dame* Sorceresses, should once bewitch you into their Net, beside the Fulsomness of the Vice it self, and the hateful and, loathsome Qualifications that are incorporated with it, she has so many Black Arts, so many Infernal Stratagems and Devices linkt together, to keep you fast in her Clutches, that 'tis almost impossible for you to disengage your self, till she has had her End, and that commonly terminates in your Ruine.

'Tis unaccountable indeed, when they hear of a Beautiful Woman, (in the first place) what strange Contrivances and Devices, what Projects and Designs they lay, that they may get into her Company, and corrupt her. The Deluding and Ruining both Men andd Women is their whole Business and Occupation; nay, not only their own, but the Business of several Agents

Agents and Factors. A sort of Mercenary Hell-hounds, which they turn out to hunt the Town, to try what Game of either sort they can find; and if they chance to make their Set upon a Country Gentleman, or a Stranger, be sure the Dog will never forsake the Haunt, till his Mistris (if he ha'nt been disturb'd and drawn at before) finds some means or other, to entangle 'em in her Net.

And now for the *Bawd:* She's a sort of Viperous Creature, that has all the bad Properties of the former, with so many Additions of her own, that she's a Monster, both without Paralel, and beyond Description. She's the very Dregs both of a *Jilt* and a *Procurer;* a Wretch, that having lost all Grace, Modesty, or Humanity, has su'd out her Indentures in the *Devil*'s Company, and bound her self to deal in no other Commodities, but those that tend directly to propagate his Interest.

These sort of Practitioners generally keep *Seraglio*'s of their own, with the Superscription of *Chocolate*, or *Coffee* over their Doors, which are constantly guarded with three or four painted *Harlots*, that are always ready either by Surprise or Assault, to make you their Prisoner.

If

If they can any ways get you into their Caſe (as they call it) and rather than fail they'll impudently hawl you to: why then in courſe, you muſt call for your Half-pint of *Raſberry*; and ſo one of 'em begins a Beaſtly Health, to let you know what Occupation they follow.

Before this is drunk, in ſteps the Governeſs, in a mighty Rage, that the Gentleman is not ſhew'd into a better Room. *Come*, Sir, ſays ſhe, and ſnatches up the Candle (ſo that you muſt either go with her, or ſtay with thoſe Vermine in the Dark) *follow me, and I'll light you up my ſelf*: When they have got you there, then they conclude you're fixt, and ſo three or four Couple of her Choice *Whores* are preſently let looſe, to live at Diſcretion upon you.

If they can by any Sort of vicious Lewdneſs entice you into Debauchery, the next thing is, which of the Ladies you pitch upon, and the Terms. Mrs. *Frances*, ſhe's but juſt come out of the Country, and has not been upon Duty theſe four Months, there's but little Difference between her and a Maidenhead, and ſhe can't be afforded for leſs than *ten Shillings, beſide half a Crown for her ſelf.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Margaret*'s a good clean Woman, and very modeſt and innocent, a pretty, harmleſs Creature, *three half Crowns is the Price*, and ſhe never went under. Mrs. *Betty*, Mrs. *Nancy*, and ſweet Mrs. *Sukey*, are all three ſound and active, but becauſe *Trading's dead, and Money's ſcarce, and you look like a civil Gentleman, and becauſe I'd encouage you to come again, you ſhall have one of 'em for a Crown, and that's the loweſt; but, for* Moll *and* Kate, Joan, Margery, Abigail, *&c. you know the Fare I ſuppoſe, and though I ſay't my ſelf, there's ne'er a Gentlewoman in the whole Trade can ſhew a better Warehouſe of ſuch ſort of Goods than I can, nor afford a better Pennyworth.*

With this kind of Prate the Old Miſtreſs of Iniquity entertains her Gueſt, whilſt a Kennel of hungry Brutes are all the while yelping their fulſom Ribaldry, ſwearing, curſing, and blaſpheming, and ravenouſly ſwallowing and devouring every thing they lay their Talons upon.

This is rare Company, is it not, for a Country Gentleman to run himſelf into? Nay, beſides all theſe, there's a ſtrong Party of Rogues and Bullies below, if you ſhould not comply with their inſolent

lent Demands, or ſcruple to pay their extravagant Reckoning, ready upon Occaſion to hector and inſult you, or rather than fail, to ſtrip and murder you.

To have done with 'em, I cannot ſuſpect that you ſhould ever give up ſo much of your Reaſon, to hazard your ſelf into ſuch a Labirinth of miſchief as this is. No, no, Sir, I'm confident you never will. A Bawdyhouſe! why, 'tis the very Gate of Hell, an In-let to Diſgrace, Ruine and Contempt, and more to be avoided by far than a Jaques or a Peſthouſe, and in all Reſpects as Loathſom as the one, and as Contagious as the other.

I come, in the next Place, to the Jilt, which is a ſort of Creature, a little more private and deſigning, but in the main as lewd and diſſolute, and more dangerous than e'er a one of the former.

Theſe forſooth would be counted *Vertuous and Religious Whores*; Miſſes they'll own themſelves to be, but *Whore*'s a Term a little too Rough to go down with ſuch nice Palates, the Name of a *Miſs* reliſhes better with them; well, let 'em be *Miſſes* then; but, for all their Miſſ-

ſhip,

ſhip, I paſſionately Caution you, never to come near any of 'em; for if you do, you'll find they can Ruin you as ſoon as the beſt Procurer or Bawd of 'em all.

Theſe Vermine play at high Games, nothing will ſerve ſome of them leſs than a Settlement of *two or three Hundred* per Annum, *a Coach, fine Lodgings, Plate, China and other things ſuitable for a Whore of Rank,* and upon theſe Conſiderations ſhe'll be faithful to you, or at leaſt ſhe'll promiſe you ſhe will; but this is only a Promiſe *de facto* neither; ſo long as your Eſtate laſts, and you can maintain her in her Extravagance and Grandeur, but when that fails, ſo does the Obligation too; ſhe has the grand political Reaſons ready as well as the beſt Stateſman of 'em all, and commonly makes the ſame Uſe of it.

She can Pray, Cant, ſhed a few Crocodiles Tears, or, rather than fail, ſham a Fit, as a token of the Paſſion and Tenderneſs ſhe has for you; but then your Back's no ſonner turn'd, but ſhe tells her Stallion you're a naſty, ſickly, feeble Fellow, and that as ſoon as ſhe has perſwaded you out of the Settlement and the new Furniture, ſhe'll firſt affront you, and then leave you.

If

If she finds you are a Cully indeed, and will be often impos'd upon by her, then she has a thousand little, wheedling tricks and Artifices to decoy you. Sometimes she's breeding, forsooth, and then sure you cannot be so barbarous to your *own Flesh and Blood*, but you will take some Care of the *young one*; besides, she wants Night-Gowns, and Damask for Clouts, and a thousand other Necessaries for a Lying-in Woman.

There's my Lord *A*———s, and Sir *John* B——s, and Collonel *D*———s Misses lay in, in as much State the other day as the best Lady in the Kingdom; nay, Mr. *F*——— that is but an ordinary Citizen presented his Mistress with a new Bed and the Furniture of a Room that cost him above *a hundred and fifty Pound*; and what has she, I wonder, done that she should not deserve as much as the best of 'em? Why sure she's as Handsom and as Young, and is as well descended, and has been as well bred as any of 'em, and do you think that she'll be put off with your nasty, shabby forty or fifty Guinea's? No truly, she rather thinks, that as Cases stand between you and her, you ought to cut off the Entail of your Estate, and settle

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a good part of it upon her for her Life, and then let the Child Heir it afterwards; and perhaps all this too may be only Whore-craft, and Pretences, and so she must be forc'd (to bring her self off) to sham a Miscarriage; and that your Cruelty, and Hard-heartedness in not settling your Estate upon her, and answering her Demands, has been the cause of it; and will at last force her to make her self away: Well, but if you loved her as well as she loves you, you could not be so Barbarous to deny her any thing.

Besides, she has been no chargeable Mistress to you neither; she has been your Drudge for at least these Seven Months, and ha'nt cost you fifteen hundred Pound in the whole. If you had lived with some she knows in Town, so long, (but she is an easie Fool) 'twould not stood you in a Penny less than three thousand.

Sir, their Tricks and Devices are numberless, and not to be paralell'd by any thing but their Ingratitude and Inhumanity; there indeed they exceed themselves; nothing in Nature being so perfectly brutish and Cruel, as One of these kind of Creatures; the very Moment

you ſtop your Hand, they grow Rude, and Inſolent; and when they find they have entirely done your Buſineſs, and turned you a grazing, who ſo ready as that very *Syren* that has ſpent your Eſtate, to laugh at, revile, and ſcorn you; and you are not leſs her Buffoon now, than you were her Property formerly.

To have done with her: A *Jilt*, is a *Procurer*, *Bawd*, and *Whore* Compounded together. A Vermine ſo Ravenous, and Malicious, and withal ſo ſubtile and Deſigning, ſo formally Chaſt, and Hypocritically Vertuous; and yet ſo Scandalouſly Common, and Impudently Lewd; ſo Proud, and yet ſo Mercenary, and above all ſo Inſolently Ill-natur'd, That in the ſhort Title of a *Jilt* are comprehended all the Vices, Follies, and Impertinencies of her whole Sex.

And laſt for their Art of *Trapping*. This is Myſtery that they commonly manage either by the Aſſiſtance of a Pregnant *Whore*, or by the help of ſome Letters, or Papers, that they pick out of your Pocket, that gives them an Inlet into your Affairs. The firſt is carried on by *Procurers*, *Bawds* and *Jilts*, and the latter by *Sharpers*, *Setters* and *Bullies*.

If

If they are once so fortunate to get a Big-bellied *Whore* into their Confederacy, then they carry her about in a kind of Triumph, among all their *Cullys* and Novices; every one, forsooth, under the Notion of being the true Father, must subscribe an Individual Maintenance for the *Strumpet* and the *Brat*; or a Warrant must be got immediately, or the Masters of the Parish call'd in to their Assistance, to force you to it. 'Tis no boot to contest it; for, if you do, they'll force the Woman to Swear it upon you, and then your Reputation's lost; and withal you have the Charge of a *Whore*, and a *Bastard* entail'd upon you *ad infinitum*.

If they get your Papers, and Letters into their Clutches, those are their Credentials, for their *Sharpers*, *Setters*, and *Bullys* to commence their Villanies; in such Cases they pretend that the *Harlot* that rifled you, was an honest Gentlewoman, and the Wife of a Person of Credit and Reputation; and you must either make Satisfaction, and Compound the Business, or else they'll expose you first, and bring their *Action* against you afterwards.

And what can a Man can do, when he has brought himſelf into ſuch a *Dilemma*, by his Folly? For my part, the Caſe is ſo very bad and deſperate, I can't direct you in't: If you Compound with 'em now, you do but lay your ſelf open to their Mercy, and render your ſelf a Bubble, and a Property for the future; or if you reſiſt 'em, why then you loſe your Credit; they'll be ſure to be as good as their Words in that point however, to miſrepreſent you, and abuſe you in all Companies, and upon all Occaſions; ſo that this Buſineſs of *Whoring*, eſpecially, ſeems to have a Malevolent Influence, both upon your Eſtate, and Reputation; nay, upon your Perſon too; and very rarely terminates without deſtroying 'em all.

To conclude this loathſome Relation, you may learn from this rough Account what kind of Creatures *Procurers*, *Bawds*, *Jilts*, *Whores*, and their Appendages, *i.e. Sharpers*, *Setters*, and *Bullies* are.

And now what ſhall I ſay more, but adviſe you again; If you reguard your Health, your Eſtate, or your Reputation, nay, what is yet more, if you regard

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the Liberty and Quiet of your Life, to ſhun 'em all; and that will be one great means to make your *London* Expedition a little the more Comfortable, and the leſs expoſed to Hazard, and Expence.

LETTER XVI.

In which the Humours of Bully's, Setters, *and* Hangers on *are exposed; together with Reflections upon* Gaming *in General.*

SIR, having in a long Letter, the last Post, entertained you with the Vicious Tricks and Humours of the Female Prostitutes; I shall now change the Sex, and expose to you some of the base Practices of the Male, as they fall in Order; under the distinct Characters of *Bullys*, *Setters*, and *Hangers-on*.

And first for the *Bully*, which (if I take him right) is a kind of Lewd Blustering Animal, that having rendered himself unfit (by a Complication of Vicious and Degenerate Actions) for the Conversation and Society of Sober and Rational Creatures, is forc'd to throw himself into the Company of *Bawds* and *Whores*, and to live upon their Contribution and Subsistance.

I ſhall not enlarge much upon his Character, or Method of living, they are both ſo generally known in Town and Country too, 'twould be at beſt an Impertinence, to ſpend much time about him. As I told you before, his common *Rendezvous* is among the *Bawds* and *Whores*; he eats their Bread, and fights their Battles, Hectors and inſults their *Cullys*, gathers their Contribution; and for a need, can Pimp, Betray and Set, as well as the beſt of 'em.

You may diſcern him by his long Sword, his Inſolent and Sawcy Behaviour; but above all, by his *Atheiſtical Dialect*, Swearing, Curſing, and *Ribaldry*. If ever you ſhould be ſo unhappy to fall in with him, he conſequently entertains you with the diſmal Relation of the Men he has Murder'd, and the Women he has Rape d; the famous Battle he fought with ſuch a *Watch*, or the bloody Rencounter he had with a Detachment of *Bailiffs*, or ſome ſuch *Romantick* Lies and Forgeries; and if he can impoſe ſo far upon you, that he perceives you're inclin'd to believe him, 'tis ten to one but he draws you into a Quarrel, or ſome other Inconveniency; and then by a Cowardly Stratagem, brings

himself off, and basely deserts you to shift for your self.

I need not tell you, that a *Bully*'s a Coward; the two Names are too Convertible, to want an Explication; the whole Stress of his Valour and Prowess depends solely upon his Insolence, Ignorance, and Oaths; and but ruffle him once thoroughly, that he may perceive you know both his Trade and his Temper, he'll fawn upon you for ever afterwards like a *Spaniel*, you may kick him, cuff him, pinch him, or use him how you will; he has had the Misfortune to kill a Man lately, he'll tell you, and is under an Obligation at present not to fight; but when his time's expir'd, woe be to you.

Well, Sir, I hope you won't think this a Conversable Creature; for, for all his Cowardice and Ignorance, and for all he's an Animal so perfectly below the Character of a Man, he can betray you into Gaming, into Quarrels, into a *Bawdy-house*, and into the Company of Rogues, Thieves, and *Whores*, as well as the wittyest *Sharper*, or stoutest *Spark* of the Town.

The next Gentleman that falls in Order, is the *Setter*; his way of Recommending

mending himſelf is quite contrary, by ſlye Inſinuations and Flatteries, by Hypocritical Cringes, and Fawnings, and Smooth and Knaviſh Pretences, and formal Diſſimulations: But notwithſtanding his outſide looks ſo fair and plauſible, take heed of him; there's a legion within him.

All the Cheats and Villanies in Nature is concenter'd in his Mind and Thoughts; his very Soul is nothing but thick black, and Soot, and ſtands always ready bent to proſecute the next Advantageous Miſchief.

His ordinary Occupation is to attend the Motion of Young Heirs, to draw and trapan 'em into Mean, and Unequal Matches, and ſo impoſe upon 'em *Jilts* and *Whores*, under the Character of Heireſſes and *Virtuoſa*'s; and this he does with ſo much Dexterity, and ſo many ſubtile Arts, and crafty Stratagems, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible, if you ſhould be once ſo unfortunate to fall into his Management, to eſcape out of it again, without being undone, for the remainder of your Life.

Here in courſe the *Entail* of your Eſtate muſt be cut off, to make room for a Set-

tlement

tlement for the *Harlot*; and she must have a handsom Present made her too, of four or five hundred Pound value: If you have no Mony, they'll procure it for you, upon your Bond and Judgment, and a Friend or two withal, that shall stand bound with you for the Payment, till you receive your *Lady*'s Fortune, but then you must do them the same Favour, only enter into a Bond and Judgment with one of 'em, for a thousand Pound or so, for a Month; and that's a return of Civility, which you cannot deny.

Here the whole Business of your Life is done in the compass of a Week, you're Married to a *Whore*, your Estate is all disjoynted, and torn to pieces, and perhaps seiz'd upon by a Combination of *Villains*; and what's as great an Aggravation as any thing else, you're become the By-word and Laughing-stock of your Friends and Acquaintance; and all this, this New Associate has done for you, under the smooth Pretence and Hypocritical Coverture of singular Honesty and Sincerity.

If this Business of a Wife don't pass upon you, he'll try in the second place if he can draw you into *Sham-projects*, and *Chimæra*'s: He and his Friends have a new In-

Invented Engine upon the Stocks, by the help of which you may walk with much Freedom and Eaſe, in the bottom of the Sea, as in your own Garden; and withal they have Intelligence upon Oath of a Wreck, where there's ſeveral Millions, and 'twill be all their own, in four or five Months at moſt; if you don't like this, they have a *Water Engine*, that will diſcharge a thouſand Tun an hour, out of the deepeſt Mine; or, they have a *Mine* where there's a Rib of *Ore*, of a prodigious bigneſs; and for a Sum of Mony to carry on their Works, you may be admitted into their Society, and be a Sharer in the whole, and can't fail to get a conſiderable Eſtate in a few Years.

Here you're entangl'd again, if you Embark your ſelf with 'em; and not only loſe all the preſent Mony you part with, but are in great hazard to be drawn into future Bond and Obligations, and conſequently ruin'd at laſt.

Sir, I ſhould trouble you, and my ſelf, too long, if I ſhould proceed to enumerate the reſpective *Rogueries* and *Tricks* of a *Setter*; and therefore I 'll leave him with this ſhort Character.

His

His whole Life is a compendious Hiſtory of deep and deliberate Villany; his only Buſineſs, nay, even his Diverſion, conſiſts ſolely in Betraying and Trappanning; his Food and Suſtenance depends intirely upon Lying, Falſhood and Perjury; In a Word. he has the Devil's Motto ſtamp'd upon him in large Characters, and is perpetually ranging to ſeek whom he may devour.

I come, in the laſt place, to the *Hanger-on* or *Spunger*; and this is commonly a ſort of ſottiſh, lazy Creature, tho' naturally not ſo dangerous and miſchievous as the former, yet, as troubleſome and impertinent, and indeed, a greater Clog to a Man of Sence than either of 'em.

He has little to recommend him unleſs it be a few drunken Jeſts, or Scraps of Poetry, or perhaps ſome broken Characters of Men and things, with a little of the News and Humours of the Town; and by virtue of theſe mighty Qualifications he fancies himſelf a Companion fit for the beſt Gentlemen in the Kingdom, and will be ſure, upon the ſmalleſt Invitation to croud himſelf upon him if he meets any Encouragement; and 'tis ten to one but by degrees he grows familiar

liar, and after that impudent, and at last intolerable.

In one Point, indeed, he's a perfect Philosopher, he carries all he has along with him, and truly that's little enough too; his Furniture in general is so wretched and scandalous, that you may as soon learn a Spunger by his Garb, *&c.* as a Bully by his Cursing and Ribaldry, or a Setter by his Fawning and Dissimulation. A Bawdy Song or two, a few drunken Healths, and about half a Dozen dull Punds set him up; and with these he will be perpetually grating and dinning your Ears till he has worn 'em as thread bare as his Coat, and after all, must be forc'd to be laught or kick'd out of 'em before he will quit 'em too.

As for Money, he never has any, nor never pretends to any, unless it be now and then the Fragments of a Reckoning which he pinches from the Drawer, to heel-piece his Shoes or recruit his Tobacco Box.

In short, these *Hangers on* are *Drones* in the strictest Sence and Definition, and if you once suffer 'em to crawl into your Hive (to keep up to the Nature of the In-

sect)

ſect) they'll be ſure to beſmear and diſturb your Cell, Devour your Honey, and in all Reſpects are as burdenſom and pernicious to the Perſons they can faſten themſelves upon, as Drones and Waſps are to Bees, *&c.*

This Town ſwarms with this Sort of Inſects, and a Country Gentleman can hardly ſet his Foot into it, but there are ſeveral of 'em come inſtantly humming and buzzing about him. I have given you already my Notion of Idleneſs; and I tell you again, in the Words of a great Man, *that 'tis ſo ſcandalous and reproachful that neither Heaven, Earth, nor Hell it ſelf will own or patronize it.*

How unreaſonable then is it, I think I may ſay, *how infamous and unaccountable,* to pick up ſuch looſe and profitleſs Creatures, and take 'em into your Boſom, and make 'em your Companions. I am aſtoniſh'd when I ſee ſix or ſeven of 'em ſtalking before a Country Gentleman, and crowding themſelves into all Company and Buſineſs along with him, ſucking and ſpunging upon him, and, *in the literal Sence,* eating him up alive. Sir, I hope you will not miſunderſtand me, I am not diſſwading you againſt Relieving and Supporting

porting distress'd Gentlemen in their Necessities.

No, no, I would not have you defie the Example of that Liberality by whose Effects you live, but then I would not have you neither abuse the Divine Precedent, by fostering a sort of vicious, sluggish Creatures, that with great Reason you ought to detest and reject, let 'em e'en sing their Requiems some where else, for you may depend upon't, that a Cry of these Slow, Deep-mouth'd Dogs, altho they don't run so swift, will stick as close to the Scent, and as effectually hunt you to death, as a Kennel of the fleetest Hariots or sharpest Fox-Hounds.

The last thing I propos'd in this, was to make some short and general Reflections upon Gaming; they must be short and general indeed, for I find I have wasted so much of my Paper upon my *three last scurvy Subjects*, that I have only Room left for a very few Lines.

That the Original Design of Play or Gaming was Diversion and Recreation, I suppose we may take for granted; but since it has lost its native Property, and basely degenerated into a mechanical Trade and Occupation. I'm

I'm affraid, as Caſes ſtand, we have two other Titles that will ſuit it much better, *i. e.* Covetouſneſs and Cheating; for what imaginable Cauſe can there be aſſign'd, but the flat Deſire of Winning, that ſhould induce Men to venture what they have for what they have not; nay, that which they are affraid and unwilling to loſe for that which they're uncertain to gain.

This can be nothing but Covetouſneſs; for if Covetouſneſs was not the Grand Mover, there could not be the leaſt Grounds or Pretence for *great* and *deep Gaming*; a Man may divert himſelf as well for a Shilling as for a Pound, and for a Pound as for a Thouſand; and if that were all, provided it were not uſed immoderately, there would be no Harm in Gaming at all.

No, no, 'tis Covetouſneſs, which tho' ſome of the more thinking Sort of Gameſters are aſham'd to own, take off the Diſguiſe, and you ſee the Ugly Hag dreſt up in all her diſmal Pomp of Wretchedneſs and Miſery.

And

And then for Cheating; why, 'tis the *Inſeparable Qualification of a Gameſter.* A Man has not only *blind Chance* to deal with (tho that be but a very leaky, crazy Veſſel for him to put to Sea in, upon ſuch a dangerous Expedition) but *ſuch a Combination of Deceit*, and *ſuch a Chain of Tricks and Slights link'd together*, that even *good Fortune it ſelf* is not ſufficient to guard and ſecure him againſt 'em: So that a Gameſter lies under a kind of Neceſſity to make himſelf *Maſter of the uſeful Art of Cheating*, that he may be upon the Level with the reſt of his Fraternity.

And now, Sir, can there be any thing *more ſordidly mean and baſe, and more exaltedly fooliſh*, than for a Man to practiſe a Profeſſion that does ſo naturally entitle him to two of the *worſt Characters in the World*, i. e. *a Miſer and a Cheat.*

To conclude, if, after all, a Man could arrive to the *higheſt Perfection* in this *paltry Science*, *Gaming and Cheating* have commonly a Reflex'd Efficacy, and deceive none more than thoſe that uſe 'em. Beſides all this, what ſhould it be, I wonder, that ſhould encline a Gentleman of

an Eſtate to take up ſuch a Scoundrel Occupation: He'd be very loath to be ſtigmatiz'd with the exploded Name of a *Mechanick* in other Caſes; and where the mighty Reaſon lies, he ſhould ſubmit to it in this, is a Myſtery, I profeſs, beyond my unravelling.

Well Sir, let the Shipwrack'd Fortunes of Abundance of our young Adventurers be a Caution to you, how extreamly reproachful and hazardous it is to embark your ſelf in ſuch a fatal Profeſſion; a Profeſſion, that at once expoſes you to the *irrepairable Loſs of your Time*, the *endangering your Eſtate*, and to *the Forfeiture of your Reputation*, and *withal* is ſo much below the *Intereſt and Character of a Gentleman*.

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LETTER XVII.

In which are particular Observations and Reflections upon several distinct Occurrences of the Town.

SIR, I have already led you through a dismal Wilderness, and briefly shewed you what a Herd of Wild Beasts and Monsters you must take your Range among, if your Resolution for the Town continues; and now I think 'tis high Time to wind up my Account. Indeed there are abundance of other dangerous Occurrences that may well justifie a severe Reprehension, but I shall only instance one or two more, and leave the Conviction these have receiv'd at the Tribunals of Reason and Experience to conclude the rest.

And first, for your Garb, you'll find some of our City Gentry so ridiculously Gawdy and Extravagant, that comparatively

tively, a Ship may be rigg'd for the *Indies* both as cheap and as eaſily; moſt of the Trades in the Commonwealth are ſome way or other concern'd in their Equipage, ſuch a ſtrange multiplying Faculty has this ſort of Vanity, that it has improv'd Nature's ſimple Neceſſity of a Covering, the firſt Fig-Leaves (as 'tis phras'd by that excelent Author of the *Gentleman's Calling*) to ſuch a Luxuriant Growth, that thoſe *Hercynean Oaks* which *Mela* tells ſuch Wonders of, are but a ſort of Pigmy Plants in compariſon of them.

But theſe are but a kind of Butterfly-Sparks, a few inſignificant Inſects that flutter about Town for a Year or two, and are afterwards forc'd to crawl into Holes and Corners in a Dreſs perhaps no leſs contemptible, wretched, and loathſom, than the former was gay, fulſom, and pedantick.

This is a Folly, indeed, that I cannot ſupect a Gentleman of your Sence can be guilty of, and yet, vain and fooliſh as it is, I could quote you a conſiderable Number that have been undone by it, that have laid out their whole Eſtate in a few gawdy Trappings, that they may

may make a Figure (as they call it) have at laſt figur'd it ſo long, till they have figur'd themſelves into Rags or a Priſon, and render'd them the Contempt and Laughing-Stocks of the whole Town.

Next to theſe, we have another Rank of unthinking Creatures, a ſort of nice-palated Sparks, that nothing will go down with but Dainties and Curioſities; tell 'em of good Beef, Mutton, Veal, or any of our own Productions, which doubtleſs are the beſt in the World, they'll ſwear they are all *Porters Fare*, and unleſs they are firſt adulterated with ſome ſtudied Mixtures, and forc'd from their native Property by ſome new and coſtly Sauces, they are far too mean and common for their Tables.

Theſe, in the ſtricteſt Sence, may be ſaid to incurr the Vultures Fate, *i. e.* to eat up themſelves; and truly ſo it commonly falls out. I have known within the Compaſs of my own Experience abundance of theſe Luxuriant Prodigals, that have ſo long tantaliz'd themſelves with their Delicious Morſels, that at

length they have wanted Food convenient for the Support of Nature.

Others we have, that affect the Reputation of making coſtly Treats and Entertainments; a hundred pound is but a *mean Sum* to ſpend upon an *Evenings Collation for a Miſtreſs or two, which perhaps do him the favour after all but to laugh at him for his Prodigality.*

I heard a Fool my ſelf (that's now ſhirking about Town, and will be glad of any body that will give him a Pot of Ale and a Roll and Cheeſe) bragging not many Months before, *That an Entertainment he made for three or four Ladies coſt him ſix ſcore pounds.* Such Wretches, I think, are below all kind of Pity. I could almoſt *grudge* 'em *even the Huſks their Extravagance naturally confines 'em to*, and wiſh 'em rather ſome Fate more remarkable, ſcandalous and durable, that might not only nauſeate but fright the reſt of the World from their Inadvertency.

There are ſeveral other things that I could mention to you that are no leſs dangerous than ridiculous; but, Sir, I can never

never ſuſpect you ſhould ſo evidently tranſplant your diſcerning Faculty from your Intellect to your Senſe, to ſuffer your ſelf to be impos'd upon by any of theſe ſort of Follies.

I beſeech you not to miſtake me, I abhor all Soureneſe or Singularity, and heartily allow of a Decent Garb, and a Gentile, Friendly Entertainment upon Occaſion, they are equally Neceſſary and Commendable in a Gentleman. And indeed, ſo long as they are kept within the true Rules of Sobriety and Moderation, are very highly conſiſtent, not only with his Character but his Intereſt.

I could make a great many Juſt Reflections (if 'twere neceſſary) upon thoſe whoſe Vain and Laviſh Humours have enclined 'em to ſquander away their Eſtates in ſuch Inſignificant Trifles; but I'm ſure a haughty, extravagant Mind muſt feel Smart enough without any additional Aggravations; it muſt needs be a moſt embittering Conſideration, a Conſideration that advances the Affliction, beyond that of a more innocent Poverty, as

much as the Pain of an envenom'd Arrow exceeds that of another.

Beſide all the more remote Dangers and Inconveniencies I have already mentioned, there are ſtill two other, which you are the moſt nearly concern'd to guard your ſelf againſt; the firſt is againſt Innovations and Unſettledneſs in your Religion; and the ſecond againſt embarking your ſelf in Cabals, and Confederacis in Matters belonging to the State and Government.

We have Temptations and Tempters too, of all Sorts at *London*, great Numbers of Perſons that make it their Buſineſs to ſnap up Strangers, and watch all Occaſions to try if they can impoſe any of their Trumpery upon 'em.

Here the Papiſts, Presbyterians, Quakers, Independants, Anabaptiſts, *&c.* have all their Party-Men abroad to endeavour the Gaining Proſelytes; and truly 'tis great odds, but ſome of 'em attempt to ſeduce you: but then I'm confident you are ſo throughly groun-

ded

ded in the Principles of your own Church and Religion, that they can never make any Advances upon you: however a kind Caution can do you no harm, if you ſhould never have any occaſion to make uſe of it.

Then for Caballing and Embarking your ſelf with Parties and Factions, 'tis a Dangerous bewitching thing, and ſo many Worthy Gentlemen have been ruin'd by it, that I think 'tis utterly needleſs to deſcend into Particulars. I'm ſure it ought to be Matter of the ſaddeſt Reflection to all who have been any Way involved in it. It being a moſt direful Account that they will at laſt have to make, for being the Unhappy Authors of ſuch miſerable Diſorders.

But, Sir, I will not ſpend more of your time in theſe (I hope) needleſs Obſervations and Reflections; you'll doubtleſs ſoon perceive from the ſtupendious Fate of vaſt Multitudes; how you are to order your ſelf in theſe ſeveral Particulars, and to them I referr you for your full and ample Satisfaction.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

Wherein he first directs him in the disposal of his Estate in his Absence, and gives him some general Cautions and Advice how to manage himself in Town.

SIR, Having drawn you a Rough Draught of the Men and Things of the Town, I presume you'll pardon it among the rest of my Impertinencies, if by way of Conclusion I trouble you once more with a few short and general Directions how to dispose of your Estate in your Absence, and of your self when you come to *London*: The former is as essentially necessary as the latter, and if you fail in either, I can see nothing in the Reverse of your Expedition but flat Ruin and Destruction.

As

As for the Diſpoſal of your Eſtate 'tis the Grand Baſis upon which all the reſt of your Affairs muſt move; ſo that unleſs you leave that both under a faithful as well as a prudent Managery, let your Succeſs in Town be what it will, you'll have but a bad Return for your Venture in the Winding up; but then the Grand Query is, how this may be ſettled with the moſt Eaſe and Conveniency to your ſelf, the leaſt Trouble to your Friends and Servants, and the greateſt Satisfaction and Advantage to all your Tenants, Neighbours and Dependants.

In Order to which, I think, in the firſt place, it will be highly neceſſary for you to be your own Auditor, to take a monthly Survey of your Reſpective Accounts, and to ballance your Expences with your Receipts, and to ſquare and proportion 'em both according to the true Value and Nature of your Revenue.

'Tis true ſome of our high-bred Gentry look upon this as a Reflection upon their Character, and that the Overſight of their Eſtates is not only a Buſineſs too burthenſom but likewiſe too mean for 'em.

'em. What Reasons they can give for it, I must confess, I'm a Stranger to.

Methinks it should be rather a Divertisment, and a proper and advantageous Method for 'em to dispose of some of those spare Hours, whose Emptiness would become their Load, and probably of no small Pain and Cost, and perhaps Inconvenience too.

Next to this, your Business will be to procure an honest ingenious Man for a Steward, a Person that will neither be tempted by *Avarice* or *Interest*, or seduc'd by *Necessity*, to betray your Concerns or imbezle your Effects; he should be neither soure in his Conversation, nor imperious in his Behaviour, not bitter nor pressing upon your Tenants, and yet watchful and sedulous to keep 'em within the moderate Bounds of their Leases and Agreements, and withal, careful to restrain 'em from running too far in Arrears, which commonly terminates, not only in the Ruin of themselves, but in the manifest Loss and Inconvenience of the Landlord.

A Steward ſhould be a Perſon (if you can find ſuch a one) that is remarkable for the *diſcreet Government of himſelf and his own Affairs*, he ought to be a *tolerable Maſter of Accompts*, and *well skill'd in the uſeful Art of Husbandry*, and *in the manner of Country Dealing and Comerce*, but above all, *he ſhould be abſtracted from all manner of Selfiſhneſs and mercenary Deſigns, and be acted purely by true Principles of Love, Juſtice, and Gratitude.*

Next to Him, a provident Houſe-keeper will be extreamly requiſite, and ſhe, indeed, ſhould have *moſt of the Qualifications of the Steward*; ſhe ſhould be *diſcreet and faithful, affable, modeſt, meek and Compaſſionate*; ſhe ſhould be free from *the little Vanities of Goſſiping and Talkbearing, too common to her Sex.*

Your *Houſe* ſhould be *her only Empire*, and *the calm and peaceful Government of it*, her *higheſt Ambition*; ſhe ſhould have *no Ends*, nor, indeed, *no Buſineſs of her own, to diſturb or take her off*, but be *conſtantly vigilant to obſerve and reſtrain the Irregularities of the Family, and not more neither,*

neither, by her Advice and Reproof, than by the Preſident of her own Calmneſs, Decency and Moderation.

Beſides theſe, you'll want an induſtrious Gardiner and a careful Groom, the one to take Care of your Fruit and Flowers, and to preſerve your Walks and Arbors from running to Ruin and Diſorder; and the other to manage and regulate your Horſes, *&c.*

Now, if you could thus equip your ſelf, which, I confeſs, will be very difficult for you to do, you'd be however ſecure, that when you have tir'd your ſelf with the Follies and Vanities of the Town (which I believe, or, at leaſt, hope will be in a very little time) your Affairs in the Country are in a good Poſture, and thither you can return and reſt your ſelf, out of the Reach of the Hurry and Impertinence of it.

And, now Sir, the next thing will be to manage *your ſelf* with Advantage and Security *when you come to Town.* I have ſhew'd you already the Rocks that you are in moſt danger to Split upon, and the Vices, Follies and Dangers, which, as a Gentle-

Gentleman and a Stranger, you are perpetually liable to be encountred with; and becauſe my preſent Deſign hath made them my peculiar Province, I ſhall wave all others, and only addreſs my ſelf to you for a Concluſion, in a paſſionate Admonition and Requeſt or two, which I preſume you will either grant or pardon, if not both.

And firſt, I paſſionately adviſe and requeſt you not to plunge your ſelf into the Society of Strangers. I have told you that before, and I muſt tell it you again, and indeed I can never tell it you too often, that the Generality of the Miſchiefs of this Town are deriv'd to us upon that Account.

Secondly, let me again admoniſh you not to take Men and Things upon Truſt, but firſt to weigh 'em ſoberly and deliberately, to bring 'em home to the Tribunal of your own Reaſon, Conſcience and Experience, before you paſs your Judgment or make your Option.

This Town is ſway'd purely by a Spirit of Falſhood and Contradiction, or what's as bad, by Spite, Faction or Intereſt;

tereſt; ſo that if you take things nakedly without comparing them with the natural Rules of Truth and Probability, you lie open to be impos'd upon by an endleſs Repetition of Falſhoods and Impoſtures.

Mr. *Cowley*'s Wiſh lies always before you; *a few Friends, and a few Books, and both true and well choſe*, are all you want, and indeed, your only proper and acceptable Companions for this Town.

To ſum up all, I hope you will not eſteem it an uncivil Addreſs, to put you in mind of your Character, by your Birth, Education and by your Eſtate too; you are a Gentleman, and then I think I need not tell you what it is that is your moſt adorning Accompliſhment: 'tis Vertue, Sir, and 'tis that and nothing elſe can add a Luſtre to your Title. 'Tis *that alone* can refine and ſublimate your Pleaſures, and give a long and glorious Splendour to your Quality.

London, January 10th. *1699.* Farewel.

THE

THE

Country Gentleman's

REPLY.

WHO can resist the Wounds from such a Dart?

Your Kindness, Sir, has pierc'd my very Heart,

First to advise, then gently to reprove,

Denotes your Friendship much, but more your Love.

But that which I admire above the rest,

Distance nor Time han't worn me from your breast.

Well, you have gain'd your Point, and I agree,
Yon ſcurvy Town is not a Place for me.
No Sir, ye've kindly taught me to be wiſe,
I loath it now, my Country Life I prize.

Beyond the Compaſs of my native Grange
I rarely, very rarely mean to range.
There I breath free, have all I wiſh, but you,
And, for a Meſs, another Friend or two;
Had I but that, in Triumph I'd retire,
And leave your City-Toys *for* Boys *and* Fools *t'admire.*

Come then, my Friend, for you *ſhall lead the Way,*
Make haſte, I grow impatient by your Stay.
We'll go together, and then you and I
Can teach each other how to live and die.
We'll take our Turns, till we at laſt improve
Theſe diſmal Vales into a pleaſant Grove.

Come

Come then, I dare you now to a Retreat,
Come, take your Share of my poor homely Seat;
'Tis true, there's nothing there that I can boaſt,
Beſide the friendly Welcom of your Hoaſt.
My Houſe is plain, but 'tis convenient too,
Juſt fit to entertain another Friend and you.
My Orchards and my Gardens, theſe indeed,
Something I may, and yet not much exceed
My Park's too narrow to endure a Chace,
Once in a Seaſon I can kill a brace;
I have a Pond or two, which from a Brook that's nigh,
I can o'erflow, or I can ſoon drain dry;
But then I've one thing, Sir, which you will love,
A Little, Artleſs, Melanc[illegible]

There we may hear the Morning Lark rejoice,
And now and then the mournful Turtle's Voice.

I have, beside, a little Pack of Hounds,
Enough to hunt the Vermine from my Bounds.

Some other Trifles too I have, which I
Will either keep, or, if you please, throw by.

But that which for all Wants shall make amends,
We'll Live like Lovers, and we'll die like Friends.

Adieu.

FINIS.

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